A674

Percy Fitzgerald

M.A: F.S.A

Of Penns Valley Co Louth.
Ashleigh Clapham
and St. George's Road
London

The Athenæum Club
The Garrick Club

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THE SCORNFULL LADY.

A COMEDY.

As it was Acted (with Great Applause)
by the late KINGS MAJESTIES
Servants, at the *Black-Fryers.*

Written by { FRANCIS BEAUMONT. AND JOHN FLETCHER. } *Gentlemen.*

The sixt Edition, Corrected and Amended.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1651.

The Actors are theſe.

Elder LOVELESSE, *a Suter to the Lady.*
Young LOVELESSE, *a Prodigall.*
SAVILL, *Steward to the Elder* LOVELESSE.
LADY, *and* MARTHA, } *Two Siſters.*
YOUNGLOVE, *or* ABIGAIL, *a waiting Gentlewoman.*
WELFORD, *a Suter to the Lady.*
Sir ROGER, *Curate to the Lady.*
A { CAPTAIN, TRAVELLER, POET, TOBACCO-MAN, } *hangers on to Young* LOVELESSE.
Wenches.
Fidlers.
MORECRAFT, *an Uſurer.*
A Rich Widdow.
Attendants.

T

THE Scornfull Lady.

A COMEDY.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter the two Loveleſſes, Savill the Steward, and a Page.

Elder Lov.

BRother, is your laſt hope paſt to mollifie *Morecrafts* heart about your Morgage?

Yo. Lov. Hopeleſly paſt: I have preſented the Uſurer with a richer draught then ever *Cleopatra* ſwallowed; he hath ſuck't in ten thouſand pounds worth of my Land, more then he paid for at a gulpe, without Trumpets.

El. Lov. I have as hard a task to perform in this houſe.

Yo. Lov. Faith mine was to make an Uſurer honeſt, or to looſe my Land.

El. Lov. And mine is to perſwade a paſſionate woman, or to leave the Land.

Yo. Lov. Make the Boat ſtay. I fear I ſhall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkneſſe of the night, and the roughneſſe of the waters might eaſily diſſwade an unwilling man.

Sav. Sir, your Fathers old friends hold it the ſounder courſe for your body and eſtate to ſtay at home, marry, and propagate, and govern in your Country, then to travell and dye without iſſue.

El. Lov. Savill, You ſhall gain the opinion of a better Servant, in ſeeking to execute, not alter my will, howſoever my intents ſucceed.

Yo. Lov. Yonder's Miſtris *Abigail* Brother, the grave rubber of your Miſtris toes.

Enter

Enter Mistris Abigail, the Waiting-woman.

El. Lov. Mistris *Abigail.*

Abig. Master *Loveleſſe*, truly we thought your ſayles had been hoiſt: my Miſtris is perſwaded you are Sea-ſick ere this.

El. Lov. Loves ſhe her ill-taken-up reſolution ſo dearly? Didſt thou move her from me?

Abig. By this light that ſhines, there's no removing her; if ſhe get a ſtiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to day when they ſay a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lov. What critical minute was that?

Abig. When her ſmock was over her ears; but ſhe was no more pliant than if it hung about her heels.

El. Lov. I prethee deliver my ſervice, and ſay, I deſire to ſee the dear cauſe of my baniſhment, and then for *France*.

Abig. Ile do't: hark hither, is that your Brother?

El. Lov. Yes, have you loſt your memory?

Abig. As I live he's a pretty fellow.

Yo. Lov. O this is a ſweet *Brache:*

El. Lov. Why ſhe knows not you.

Yo. Lov. No, but ſhe offered me once to know her: to this day ſhe loves youth of eighteen; ſhe heard a Tale how *Cupid* ſtruck her in love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never ſaw her; yet ſhe in kindneſſe would needs wear a Willow Garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players in the laſt Queens time once over: She was ſtrook when they Acted Lovers, and forſook ſome when they Played Murtherers. She has nine *Spurroyals*, and the Servants ſay ſhe hoards old gold; and ſhe her ſelf pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldeſt Son, or her Miſtris husbands Clark ſhall be, that marries her, ſhall make her a Joynture of fourſcore pounds a year; ſhe tells Tales of the Serving-men.

El. Lov. Enough, I know her Brother. I ſhall intreat you only to ſalute my Miſtris, and take leave, we'l part at the ſtairs.

Enter Lady, and Waiting-woman.

Lady. Now Sir, this firſt part of your will is performed: what's the reſt?

El. Lov. Firſt, let me beg your notice, for this Gentleman my Brother.

Lady. I ſhall take it as a favour done to me, though the Gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable diſpoſition would have been ready to have done him freer curteſies as a ſtranger, then upon thoſe cold commendations.

Yo. Lov.

Yo. Lov. Lady, my ſalutations crave acquaintance, and leave at once.

Lady. Sir, I hope you are the maſter of your own occaſions.

Exit Young Loveleſſe, Savill.

El. Lov. Would I were ſo. Miſtris, for me to praiſe over again that worth, which all the world, and you your ſelf can ſee.

Lady. It's a cold room this; Servant. *El. Lov.* Miſtris.

Lady. What think you, if I have a Chimney for't out here?

El. Lov. Miſtris another in my place, that were not tyed to believe all your actions juſt; would apprehend himſelf wrong'd: But I, whoſe virtues are conſtancy and obedience.

Lady. Abigail, make a good fire above to warm me, after my Servants *Exordiums*.

El. Lov. I have heard and ſeen your affability to be ſuch, that the Servants you give wages to may ſpeak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they ſpeak to th' purpoſe.

El. Lov. Miſtris, your will leads my ſpeeches from the purpoſe. But as a man ——

Lady. A Simile Servant? This room was built for honeſt meaners, that deliver themſelves haſtily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similies*, and *Metaphors*? If you have ought to ſay, break into't: my anſwers ſhall very reaſonably meet you. *El. Lov.* Miſtris *I* came to ſee you.

Lady. That's happily diſpatcht, the next.

El. Lov. To take leave of you. *Lady.* To be gone. *El. Lov.* Yes.

Lady. You need not have deſpair'd of that, nor have us'd ſo many circumſtances to win me to give you leave to perform my command; is there a third?

El. Lov. I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

Lady. I? never apter, Faſt (good Servant) faſt.

El. Lov 'Twas to entreat you to hear reaſon.

Lady. Moſt willingly: have you brought one that can ſpeak it?

El. Lov. Laſtly, it is to kindle in that barren heart, love and forgiveneſſe. *Lady.* You would ſtay at home.

El. Lov. Yes Lady.

Lady. Why you may, and doubtleſly will, when you have debated, that your Commander is but your Miſtris, a woman a weake one, wildely overborn with paſſions: but the thing by her commanded, is to ſee *Dovers* dreadfull Cliffe, paſſing in a poore Water-houſe; the dangers of the mercileſſe Channell, twixt that and *Calis*, five

long

long hours sayle, with three poor weeks victuals.

El. Lov. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an Englisn hoast, to remove from City to City, by most chargable posthorse like one that rode in quest of his Mother-tongue.

El. Lov You wrong me much.

La. And all these (almost invincible labours) performed for your Mistris, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegeance to some French Lady, who is content to change language with your laughter, and after your whole year spent in Tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazzard of being laught at your return, and have Tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

El. Lov. You wrong me much. *La.* Lowder yet.

El. Lov. You know your least word is of force to make me seek out dangers; move me not with toyes: but in this banishment, I must take leave to say, you are unjust: was one kisse forc't from you in publick, by me so unpardonable? Why all the hours of day and night have seen us kisse.

La. 'Tis true, and so you told the company that heard me chide.

El. Lov. Your own eyes were not dearer to you then I.

La. And so you told um.

El. Lov. I did, yet no signe of disgrace need to have stayn'd your cheek: you your self, knew your pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseneese.

La. I did: But if a Maids heart doth but once thinke that she is suspected her own face will write her guilty.

El. Lov. But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew us, knew our resolutions well: And could it be hop't, that I should give away my freedom, and venture a perpetuall bondage with one I never kist? or could I in strict wisdom take too much love upon me, from her that chose me for her Husband.

La. Beleeve me, if my wedding smock were on,
Were the Gloves bought and given, the Licence come,
Were the Rosemary branches dipt, and all
The Hipocrasse and Cakes eate and drunk off;
Where these two armes encompast with the hands
Of Batchelors, to lead me to the Church;
Were my feet in the door, were I *John*, said;
If *John* should boast a favour done by me,
I would not wed that yeare: And you I hope,

When you have ſpent this year commodiouſly,
In atchieving Languages, will at your return
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,
Then ſuch a Friend: More talk I hold not now,
If you dare, go.

Elder Lov. I dare you know: Firſt let me kiſſe.

Lady. Farewell ſweet ſervant; your task perform'd,
On a new ground, as a beginning Suter,
I ſhall be apt to hear you.

Elder Lov. Farewell cruel Miſtris. *Exit Lady.*

Enter Young Loveleſſe and Savill.

Young Lov. Brother you'l hazzard the loſing your Tide to *Graveſend*: you have a long half mile by land to *Greenwich*.

Elder Lov. I go: but Brother, what yet unheard of courſe to live, doth your imagination flatter with you? Your ordinary means are devour'd.

Young Lov. Courſe, why Horſe-courſing I think: conſume no time in this: I have no eſtate to be [illegible]ded by meditation: he that buſies himſelf about my fortunes, may properly be ſaid, to buſie himſelf about nothing.

Elder Lov. Yet ſome courſe you muſt take, which for my ſatisfaction reſolve and open: If you will ſhape none, I muſt inform you, that man but perſwades himſelf he means to live, that imagines not the means.

Yo. Lov. Why Ile live upon others, as others have lived upon me.

Elder Lov. I apprehend not that; you have fed others, and conſequently diſpos'd of um: and the ſame meaſure muſt you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

Young Lov. Why, Ile Purſe, if that raiſe me not, Ile Bet at Bowling-allies, or Man Whores; I would fain live by others: but Ile live whilſt I am unhang'd, and after the thoughts taken.

Elder Lov. I ſee you are ty'd to no particular imployment then.

Young Lov. Faith I may chooſe my courſe: they ſay nature brings forth none, but ſhe provides for them; Ile try her liberality.

Elder Lov. Well, to keep your feet out of baſe and dangerous pathes, I have reſolved, you ſhall live as Maſter of my Houſe. It ſhall be your care *Savill*, to ſee him fed and clothed, not according to his preſent eſtate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Young Lov. If it be referr'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation, jerſie Stockings, blue Devils breeches, with the guards down,

and my pocket i'th ſleeves, Ile neer look you i'th face again.

Sav. A comelier wear I wiſſe it is, then thoſe dangling ſtops.

El. Lo. To keep you ready to do him all ſervice peaceably, and him to command you reaſonably; I leave theſe further directions in writing, which at your beſt leiſure together, open and read.

Enter Abigail to them with a Jewell.

Abig. Sir, my Miſtris commends her love to you in this token, and theſe words; It is a Jewell (ſhe ſayes) which as a favour from her ſhe would requeſt you to wear, till your years travail be performed: which once expired, ſhe will happily expect your happy return:

El. Lo. Return my ſervice with ſuch thanks, as ſhe may imagine the heart of a ſuddenly over-joyed man, would willingly utter; and you (I hope) I ſhall with ſlender arguments perſwade to wear this Diamond; that when my Miſtris ſhall through my long abſence, and the approach of new Sutors, offer to forget me, you may caſt your eye down to your finger, and remember, and ſpeak of me: ſhe will hear [illegible]ee better then thoſe allied by birth to her: as we ſee many men much ſwayed by the Grooms of their Chambers, not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them, as on others, but for they know their ſecrets.

Abig. A my credit I ſwear, I think 'twas made for me: Fear no other Sutors.

Elder Love: I ſhall not need to teach you how to diſcredit their beginning, you know how to take exception at their ſhirts at waſhing, or to make the Maids ſwear they found Plaiſters in their bed.

Abig. I know, I know, and do you not fear the Sutors.

Eld. Lo. Farewell, be mindfull, and be happy: the night calls me. *Exeunt omnes præter Abigail.*

Abig. The gods of the winds befriend you ſir; a conſtant and a liberal Lover thou art, more ſuch God ſend us.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Let um not ſtand ſtill, we have rid.

Abig. A Sutor I know by his riding hard, Ile not be ſeen.

Wel. A pretty Hall this: No Servant in't? I would look freſhly.

Abig. You have delivered your errand to me then: ther's no danger in a handſome young fellow: Ile ſhew my ſelf.

Wel. Lady, may it pleaſe you to beſtow upon a ſtranger, the ordinary grace of ſalutation: Are you the Lady of this houſe?

Abig. Sir I am worthily proud to be a ſervant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I ſhould be as proud to be a ſervant of yours; did

not

not my ſo late acquaintance make me deſpair.

Abig. Sir, it is not ſo hard to atcheive, but nature may bring it about.

Well. For theſe comfortable words, I remain your glad debtor. Is your Lady at home? *Abig.* She is no ſtragler ſir.

Wel. May her occaſions admit me to ſpeak with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

Wel. I know your affable virtue will be moved to perſwade her; that a Gentleman benighted and ſtrayed, offers to be bound to her for a nights lodging.

Abig. I will commend this meſſage to her; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded: other women of the houſe-hold's of good carriage and government, upon any of which, if you can caſt your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful, though not ſo coy. *Exit Abigail.*

Wel. What a skin full of luſt is this? I thought I had come a wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right Court-faſhion: Men, Women, and all wooe, catch that catch may. If this ſoft hearted woman have infuſed any of her tenderneſſe into her Lady, there is hope ſhe will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter Sir Roger the Curate.

Rog. God ſave you ſir: My Lady lets you know, ſhe deſires to be acquainted with your name, before ſhe conferre with you?

Wel. Sir my name calls me *Welford.*

Rog. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. Ile try his wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my Anceſtors had this two hundred years ſir.

Roger. I knew a worſhipful and a religious Gentleman of your name in the Biſhoprick of *Durham* Call'd you him Couſen?

Wel. I am only allied to his vertues ſir.

Roger. It is modeſtly ſaid: I ſhould carry the badge of your Chriſtianity with me too.

Wel. What's that, a Croſſe? there's a teſter.

Roger. I mean the name which your Godfathers and Godmothers gave you at the Font.

Wel. 'Tis *Harry*: but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechiſme: for you told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name? *Rog. Roger.*

Wel. What room fill you in this houſe?

Rog. More rooms then one.

Wel. The more the merrier: But may my boldneſſe know

why your Lady hath ſent you to decipher my name?

Rog. Her own words were theſe: To know whether you were a formerly denyed Sutor, diſguiſed in this meſſage: for I can aſſure you ſhe delights not in *Thalame*: *Himen* and ſhe are at varianee. I ſhall return with much haſte. *Exit Roger.*

Wel. And much ſpeed ſir, I hope: certainly I am arrived amongſt a Nation of New found fooles, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted wit; if I had foreſeen it, I would have laded my breeches with Balls, Knives, Copper, and Glaſſes, to trade with women for their Virginities: yet I fear, I ſhould have betrayed my ſelf to needleſſe charge then: here comes the walking Night-cap again. *Enter Roger.*

Rog. Sir, my Ladies pleaſure is to ſee you: who hath commanded me to acknowledge her ſorrow, that you take the pains to come up for ſo bad entertainment.

Wel. I ſhall obey your Lady that ſent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Maſter.

Rog. I am but a Bachelor of Art, Sir; and I have the mending all under this roof, from my Lady on her Down-bed, to the Maid in the Peaſe-ſtraw. *Wel.* A Cobler Sir?

Rog. No Sir, I do inculate Divine Homilies within theſe Walls:

Wel. But the inhabitants of this houſe do often imploy you on errands without any ſcruple of conſcience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles for Egges; but why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function, to bid my man to neglect his horſe a little, to attend on me.

Rog. Moſt properly Sir.

Wel. I pray you do ſo then: and whilſt I will attend your Lady. You direct all this houſe in the true way?

Rog. I do Sir.

Wel. And this door I hope conducts to your Lady?

Rog. Your underſtanding is ingenuous. *Exit ſeverally.*

Enter Young Loveleſſe, and Savill, with a writing.

Sav. By your favour Sir, you ſhall pardon me.

Young Lov. I ſhall bear your favour Sir, croſſe me no more; I ſay, they ſhall come in. *Sav.* Sir you forget then who I am?

Young Lov. Sir, I do not; thou art my Brothers Steward, his caſt off Mill-money, his Kitchin Arithmetick.

Sav Sir, I hope you will not make ſo little of me?

Young Lov. I make thee not ſo little as thou art: for indeed there

there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a fair *Imprimis*, and then a reasonable *Item*, infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sav. Nay then you stir my duty, and I must tell you.

Young Lov. What wouldst thou tell me, how Hops grow? or hold some rotten discourse of sheep, or when our Lady day falls? Prethee farewell, and entertain my friends, be drunk, and burn thy Table-bocks: and my dear Spark of Velvet, thou and I ——

Sav. Good Sir remember.

Young Lov. I do remember thee a foolish fellow, one that did put his trust in Almanacks, and Horse-fairs, and rose by honey and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sav. Nay, then I must unfold your Brothers pleasure, these be the Lessons Sir, he left behind him.

Young Lov. Prethee expound the first.

Sav. I leave to keep my house three hundred pounds a year, and my Brother to dispose of it.

Young Lov. Mark that my wicked Steward, and I dispose of it.

Sav. Whilst he bears himself like a Gentleman, and my credit falls not in him. Mark that my good young Sir, mark that.

Young Lov. Nay, if it be no more, I shall fulfill it whilst my legges will carry me, Ile bear my self like a Gentleman, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward dear Steward.

Sav. Next it is my will, that he be furnisht (as my Brother) with attendance, apparel, and the obedience of my people.

Young Lov. Steward, this is as plain as your old Minikin Breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified or —— you understand me Sir, proceed.

Sav. Yet that my Steward keep his place, and power, and bound my Brothers wildnesse with his care.

Young Lov. Ile hear no more, this is *Apocrypha*, bind it by it self Steward.

Sav. This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you. Captains of Gally-foysts, such as in a clear day have seen *Calis*, fellows that have no more of God, than their Oaths comes to: they wear Swords to reach sweat a Play, and get there the oyld end of a pipe for their guerdon; then the remnant of your Regiment are wealthy Tobacco Merchants, that set up with one ounce, and break for three; together with a forlorn hope of Poets, and all these look like Carthusians, things without linnen. Are these fit company for my Masters Brother?

Young Lov. I will either convert thee, (O thou Pagan Steward) or presently confound thee and thy Reckonings, Who's there? Call in the Gentlemen. *Sav.* Good Sir.

Young Lov. Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sav. Are you my Masters Brother?

Young Lov. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an old *Ephemerides?* *Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller.*

Sav. Then God help all, I say.

Young Lov. I, and 'tis well said, my old Peer of *France*: welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine own dear Lads y'are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry* Groat.

Capt. Sir, I will take your love.

Sav. Sir, you will take my purse.

Capt. And study to continue it. *Sav.* I do believe you.

Trav. Your honourable friend, and Masters Brother, hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hug you, Sir.

Sav. Has given himself into the hands of Varlets, not to be carv'd out. Sir, are these the pieces?

Young Lov. They are the Morals of the age, the vertues; Men made of gold. *Sav.* Of your gold you mean Sir.

Young Lov. This is a man of War, and cryes go on, and wears his colours. *Sav.* In's nose.

Young Lov. In the fragrant field. This is a Traveller Sir, knows men and manners, and has plow'd up the Sea so far, till both the Poles have knockt, has seen the Sun take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his Horses, and their kinds, and had a *Flanders* Mare lept there. *Sav.* 'Tis much.

Trav. I have seen more Sir.

Sav. 'Tis enough a conscience; sit down and rest you, you are at the end of the world already. Would you had as good a living Sir, as this fellow could lie you out of; has a notable gift in't.

Young Lov. This ministers the Smoak, and this the Muses.

Sav. And you the clothes, and meat, and money, you have a goodly generation of um, pray let them multiply, your Brothers house is big enough; and to say truth, has too much land, hang it durt.

Young Lov. Why now thou art a loving stinkard. Fire off thy Annotations, and thy Rent-books, thou hast a weak brain *Savill*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen you are once more welcome to three hundred pound a year; we will be freely merry, shall we not?

Capt. Merry as mirth, and wine, my lovely *Loveless*.

Poet. A ſerious look ſhall be a Jury to excommunicate any man from our company. *Trav.* We will not talk wiſely neither.

Yo. Lov. What think you Gentlemen by all this revenew in drink?

Capt. I am all for drink. *Trav.* I am dry till it be ſo.

Poet. He that will not cry *Amen* to this, let him live ſober, ſeem wiſe, and dye o'th *Corum.*

Young Lov. It ſhall be ſo, wee'l have it all in drink, let meat and lodging go, th' are tranſitory, and ſhew men meerly mortal: then wee'l have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every week a freſh one, wee'l keep no powdred fleſh: all theſe we have by warrant, under the title of things neceſſary. Here, upon this place I ground it: the obedience of my people, and all neceſſaries. Your opinions Gentlemen?

Capt. 'Tis plain and evident he meant Wenches.

Sav. Good Sir, let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as ſound men as your ſelf Sir, to expound it.

Poet. This do I hold to be the interpretation of it: in this word neceſſary, is concluded all that be helps to man; woman was made the firſt, and therefore here the chiefeſt.

Young Lov. Believe me, 'tis a learned one, and by theſe words: The obedience of my people: (you Steward being one) are bound to fetch us Wenches.

Capt. He is, he is. *Young Lov.* Steward, attend us for inſtructions.

Sav. But will you keep no houſe Sir?

Yo. Lov. Nothing but drink Sir, three hundred pounds in drink.

Sav. O miſerable houſe, and miſerable I that live to ſee it! good Sir, keep ſome meat.

Young Lov. Get us good Whores, and for your part, *Savill*, Ile boord you in an Ale-houſe; you ſhall have cheeſe and onions.

Sav. What ſhall become of me, no chimney ſmoaking? Well prodigal, your Brother will come home. *Exit.*

Young Lov. Come Lads, Ile warrant you for Wenches, three hundred pounds in drink.

Omnes. O brave *Loveleſſe.* *Exeunt omnes.* *Finis Actus primi.*

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Lady, her ſiſter Martha, Welford, Younglove, and others.

Lady. Sir, now you ſee your bad lodging, I muſt bid you good night.

Wel. If there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady.

Lady. A little ſleep will eaſe that complaint. Once more good night. *Wel.* Once more dear Lady, and then all ſweet nights.

Lady. Dear Sir, be ſhort and ſweet then.

Wel. Shall the morrow prove better to me, ſhall I hope my ſute happier by this nights reſt?

Lady. Is your ſute ſo ſickly that reſt will help it? Pray ye let it reſt then till I call for it. Sir, as a ſtranger you have had all my welcome: but had I known your errand ere you came, your paſſage had been ſtraighter. Sir, good night. *Exit Lady.*

Wel. So fair and cruell! dear unkind, good night.
Nay Sir, you ſhall ſtay with me, Ile preſſe your zeal ſo far.

Rog. O Lord Sir. *Wel.* Do you love Tobacco.

Rog. Surely I love it, but it loveth not me; yet with your reverence Ile be bold.

Wel. Pray light it Sir. How do you like it?

Rog. I promiſe you it is notable ſtinging geere indeed. It is wet Sir, Lord how it brings down rheume.

Wel. Handle it ag[illegible] Sir, you have a warm text of it.

Rog. Thanks ever promiſed for it. I promiſe you it is very powerfull, and by a Trope, ſpiritual; for certainly it moves in ſundry places.

Wel. I, it does Sir, and me eſpecially to ask Sir, why you wear a Night-cap.

Rog. Aſſuredly I will ſpeak the truth unto you: you ſhall underſtand Sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; even by that viſible beaſt the Butler.

Wel. The Butler? certainly he had all his drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Caſſock? The offence Sir?

Rog. Reproving him at Tre-trip Sir, for ſwearing; you have the total ſurely.

Wel. You reprov'd him when his rage was ſet a tilt, and ſo he crackt your Canons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading? But ſhall we ſee theſe Gentlewomen to night.

Rog. Have patience Sir, untill our fellow *Nicholas* be deceaſt; that is, aſleep, for ſo the word is taken: to ſleep, to dye, to dye, to ſleep, a very figure Sir.

Wel. Cannot you caſt another for the Gentlewomen?

Rog. No, till the man be in his bed, his grave: his grave, his bed: the very ſame again Sir. Our Comick Poet gives the reaſon ſweetly, *Plenus rimarum eſt*, he is full of loope-holes, and will diſcover to our Patroneſſe.

Wel.

Wel. Your Comment Sir, hath made me understand you.

Enter Martha, the Ladies Sister, and Younglove to them with a Posset.

Roger. Sir be addrest, the graces do salute you with a full bowle of plenty. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

Abig. Hee's safe.

Rog: And does he snore out supinely with the Poet?

Mar. No, he out-snores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this courtesie shall bind a stranger to you; ever your servant.

Mar. Sir, my Sisters strictnesse makes not us forget you are a stranger, and a Gentleman.

Abig. In sooth Sir, were I chang'd into my Lady, a Gentleman so well endued with parts, should not be lost.

Wel. I thanke you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See how this foule familiar chewes the Cud: from thee, and three and fifty good Love deliver me.

Mar. Will you sit down and take a spoo[illegible]

Wel. I take it kindly Lady. *Mar.* It is our best banquet sir.

Rog. Shall we give thankes?

Wel. I have to the Gentlewomen already sir.

Mar. Good sir *Roger* keep that breath to coole your part o'th Posset, you may chance have a scalding zeale else: and you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to your selfe: Would you could like this sir.

Wel. I would your Sister would like me as well Lady.

Mar. Sure sir, she would not eat you: but banish that imagination; she's only wedded to her self, lies with her self, and loves her self: and for another husband then her self, he may knock at the gate, but nere come in: be wise sir, she's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the least of which is, she cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her, shee'l do worse, would I were worthy his least grief Mistris *Martha.*

Wel. Now I must over-hear her.

Mar. Faith would thou hadst them all with all my heart; I do not think they would make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, would you put in deeper, 'tis the sweeter.

Mar. Well said old sayings.

Welford. Shee looks like one. Gentlewoman you keep your word, your sweet self has made the bottome sweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolick, dare you change fir?

Wel. My ſelf for you, ſo pleaſe you. That ſmile hath turn'd my ſtomack: This is right the old Embleme of the Moyle cropping of Thiſtles: Lord what a hunting head ſhe carries, ſure ſhe has been ridden with a Martingale. Now love deliver me.

Rog. Do I dream, or do I wake? ſurely I know not: am I rub'd off, is this the way of all my Morning Prayers? Oh *Roger*, thou art but graſſe, and woman as a flower. Did I for this conſume my quarters in meditations, vowes, and wooed her in Heroicall Epiſtles? Did I expound the Owle, and undertoke with labour and experience the collexion of thoſe thouſand peeces, conſum'd in Cellars and Tobaco-ſhops, of that our honoured Engliſhman *N. B.* have I done this, and am I done thus to? I will end with the Wiſe man, and ſay, He that holds a woman, has an Eele by the taile.

Mar. Sir 'tis ſo late, and our entertainment (meaning our poſſet) by this is grown ſo cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your reſt: let what the houſe has be at your command ſir.

Wel. Sweet reſt be with you Lady; and to what you deſire too.

Abig. It ſhould be ſome ſuch good thing like your ſelf then.

Wel. Heaven kept me from that curſe, and all my iſſue. Good night Antiquity,

Rog. Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris. But I alone.

Wel. Learned ſir, will you bid my man come to me? and requeſting a greater meaſure of your Learning, good night, good Maſter *Roger*.

Rog. Good ſir, peace be with you: *Exit Roger*

Wel. Adieu deare *Domine*. Half a dozen ſuch in a Kingdome would make a man forſwear confeſſion. for who that had but half his wits about him, would commit the counſell of a ſericus ſin to ſuch a cruell night-cap?

Why how now ſhall we have an Antique? *Enter Ser.* Whoſe head do you carry upon your ſhoulders, that you jole it ſo againſt the Poſt? Is't for your eaſe? Or have you ſeen the Sellor? Where are my ſlippers ſir? *Ser.* Here ſir.

Wel. Where ſir? have you got the pot verdugo? have you ſeen the horſes ſir? *Ser.* Yes ſir.

Wel. Have they any meat?

Ser. Faith ſir, they have a kind of wholſom Ruſhes, Hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no Provender.

Ser. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry sir, and why so?

Ser. Faith sir, here are no Oats to be got, unlesse you'l have um in porridge, the people are so mainly given to spoon-meat: yonders a cast of Coachmares of the Gentlewomans, the strangest cattel!

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are transparent sir; you may see through them, and such a house.

Wel. Come sir, the truth of your discovery.

Ser. Sir, they are in tribes like Jews: the Kitchin and the Dairie make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the Buttery and the Landry are another, and there's no love lost; the Chambers are entire, and what's done there, is somewhat higher then my knowledge: but this I am sure between these copulations, a stranger is kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drink sir.

Wel. What of that sir?

Ser. Faith sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink or this cooling Julip, of which three spoonfulls kils the Calenture, a pint breeds the cold palsie.

Wel. Sir, you belie the house.

Ser. I would I did sir. But as I am a true man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an Asses hoof would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't sir, for if it had proved stronger, you had been tongue-tide of these commendations. Light me the candle sir, I'le hear no more.

Enter young Loveless, and his Comrades, with wenches, and two Fidlers.

Yo. Lo. Come my brave man of War, trace out thy Darling:
And you my learned Councel, set and turn boyes:
Kisse till the Cow come home, kisse close, kisse close knaves.
My Modern Poet, thou shalt kisse in couplets. *Enter with wine.*
Strike up you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping.
This is no pay for Fidlers.

Cap. O my dear boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captain
Makes thee his *Hilas*, his delight, his solace.
Love thy brave man of War, and let thy bounty
Clap him in *Shamois*: Let there be deducted out of our main pota-
Five marks in batchments to adorn this thigh, (tion,
Cramp with this rest of peace, and I will fight
Thy Battels.

Young Lo. Thou shalt hav't boy, and flie in Feathers. Lead on a March you Michers. *Enter Savill.*

Savill. O my head, O my heart, what a noise and change is here? would I had been cold i'th mouth before this day, and nere have liv'd to see this dissolution. He that lives within a mile of this place, had as good sleep in the perpetual noise of an iron Mill. There's a dead sea of drink i'th Cellar, in which goodly vessels lie wrack't, and in the middle of this deluge appears the tops of Flagons and black Jacks, like Churches drown'd i'th Marshes.

Yo Lo. What art thou come? My sweet sir *Anias*, welcome to *Troy*. Come, thou shalt kisse my *Hellen*, and court her in a dance.

Savil. Good sir consider.

Yo. Lo. Shall we consider Gentlemen? How say you?

Cap. Consider, that were a simple toy y'faith, consider! whose Moral's that? The man that cries consider is our foe: let my steel know him.

Yo Lo Stay thy dead doing hand, he must not die yet: prethee be calme my *Hector*.

Cap. Peasant, slave, thou groome, compos'd of grudgings, live and thank this Gentleman, thou hadst seen *Pluto* else. The next consider kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his word again in a gallon of sack

Poet. 'Tis but a snuffe, make it two gallons, and let him do it kneeling in repentance.

Savil. Nay rather kill me, there's but a lay-man lost. Good Captain do your office.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt drink Steward, drink and dance my steward. Strike him a horn-pipe squeakers, take thy striver, and pace her still sh: st w.

Savil. Sure sir I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for me, pray break my head, and let me go.

Cap. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Yo. Lo. He shall dance, and drink, and be drunk, and dance, and be drunk again: and shall see no meat in a year.

Poet. And three quarters.

Yo. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Cap. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Enter Elder Loveless disguised.

Savil. Some to deliver me I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God save you all, my business is to one Master *Loveless*.

Cap.

Cap. This is the Gentleman you mean, view him, and take his Inventory, he's a right one.

El. Lo. He promises no leſſe ſir.

Yo. Lo. Sir, your buſineſſe?

El. Lo. Sir, I ſhould let you know, yet I am loath, yet I am ſworn to't, would ſome other tongue would ſpeak it for me.

Yo. Lo. Out with it a Gods name.

El. Lo. All I deſire ſir is, the patience and ſufferance of a man, and good ſir be not mov'd more.

Yo. Lo. Then a pottle of ſack will do, here's my hand, prethee thy buſineſſe?

El Lo. Good ſir excuſe me, and whatſoever you hear, think muſt have been known unto you, and be your ſelf diſcreet, and bear it nobly. *Yo. Lo.* Prethee diſpatch me.

El. Lo. Your Brother's dead ſir.

Yo Lo. Thou doſt not mean dead drunk.

El. Lo. No, no, dead, and drown'd at Sea ſir.

Yo. Lo. Art ſure he's dead? *El. Lo.* Too ſure ſir.

Yo Lo. I but art thou very certainly ſure of it?

El. Lo. As ſure ſir, as I tell it.

Yo. Lo But art thou ſure he came not up again?

El Lo. He may come up, but nere to call you Brother.

Yo Lo. But art ſure he had water enough to drown him?

El. Lo. Sure ſir, he wanted none.

Yo. Lo. I would not have him want, I lov'd him better; here I forgive thee: and I faith be plain, how do I bear it?

El. Lo. Very wiſely ſir.

Yo Lo. Fill him ſome wine. Thou doſt not ſee me mov'd, theſe tranſitory toyes nere trouble me, he's in a better place, my friend I know't. Some fellows would have cry'd now, and have curſt thee, & faln out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helps not, he was too good for us, and let God keep him: there's the right uſe on't friend Off with thy drink, thou haſt a ſpice of ſorrow makes thee dry; fill him another. *Savill*, your Maſters dead, and who am I now *Savill*? Nay, lets all bear it well; wipe *Savill*, wipe, tears are but thrown away: we ſhall have wenches now, ſhall we not *Savill* *Savil.* Yes ſir.

Yo. Lo. And drink innumerable?

Savil. Yes forſooth ſir.

Yo. Lo. And youle ſtrain curſie, and be drunk a little.

Savil. I will ſtrive ſir to do my weak endeavour.

Young Lo. You may be brought in time to love a wench too.

Savil. In time the sturdy Oak sir.

Yo. Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

El. Lo. I shall be drunk anon for my good news; but I have a loving brother, that's my comfort.

Young Lo. Here's to you sir, this is the worst I wish you for your news: and if I had another elder brother, and say it were his chance to feed Haddockes, I should be still the same you see me now, a poor contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, hee's dry again.

El. Lo. I shall be if I follow this beginning. Well my dear brother, if I escape this drowning, 'tis your turn next to sink, you shall duck twice before I help you. Sir, I cannot drink more: pray you let me have your pardon.

Young Lo. O Lord sir, 'tis your modesty: more wine, give him a bigger glasse; hug him my Captain, thou shalt be my chief Mourner.

Capt. And this my penon; Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

El. Lo. I feel a buzzing in my brains, pray God I bear this out, and lle nere trouble them so far again: Heres to you sir.

Young Lo. To my dear Steward, down a your knees you Infidell, you Pagan, be drunk and penitent.

Savil. Forgive me sir, and lle be any thing.

Young Lo. Then be a Bawd, lle have thee a brave bawd.

El. Lo. Sir, I must take my leave of you, my businesse is so urgent.

Yo. Lo. Let's have a bridling cast before you go. Fil's a new stoop.

El. Lo. I dare not sir, by no means.

Young Lo. Have you any mind to a wench? I would fain gratifie you for the pains you took sir.

El. Lo. As little as to the tother.

Young Lo. If you find any stirring, do but say so.

El. Lo. Sir, you are too bounteous; when I feel that itching, you shall asswage it sir, before another; this only and farewell sir. Your Brother when the storm was most extream, told all about him, he left a Will which lies close behind a Chimney in the Marted Chamber: And so as well sir, as you have made me able, I take my leave.

Young Lo. Let us embrace him all, if you grow dry before you end your businesse, pray take a bait here, I have a fresh Hogges-head for you.

Sav.

Sav. You ſhall neither will nor chooſe Sir. My Maſter is a wonderfull fine Gentleman, has a fine ſtate, a very fine ſtate Sir, I am his Steward Sir, and his Man

El. Lo. Would you were you own Sir, as I left you. Well, I muſt caſt about, or all ſinks.

Sav. Farewell Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

El. Lo. What would you with me Sir?

Sav. Farewell Gentleman.

El. Lo. O ſleep Sir, ſleep. *Exit Elder Loveleſſe.*

Yo. Lo. Well boyes, you ſee what's faln, lets in and drink, and give thanks for t.

Sav. Let's in and drink, and give thanks for it.

Yo. Lo. Drunk as I live. *Sav.* Drunk as I live boyes.

Yo. Lo. Why now thou art able to diſcharge thine office, and caſt up a reckoning of ſome weight; I will be Knighted, for my ſtate will bear it, 'tis ſixteeen hundred boyes: Off with your husks, Ile skin you all in Sattin. *Capt.* O ſweet *Loveleſſe.*

Sav. All in Sattin? O ſweet *Loveleſſe.*

Yo. Lo. March in my noble Compeers; and this my Counteſſe ſhall be led by two, and ſo proceed we to the will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Morecraft the Uſurer, and Widdow.

More. And Widdow, as I ſay, be you your own friend; your huſband left you wealthy, and wiſe, continue ſo ſweet duck, continue ſo. Take heed of young ſmooth varlets, younger Brothers: they are worms that will eat through your bags; they are very lightning, that with a flaſh or two will melt your money, and never ſinge your purſe-ſtrings; they are Colts, wench, Colts, heady and dangerous, till we take um up, and make um fit for bonds; look upon me, I have had, and have yet matter of moment Girle, matter of moment; you may meet with a worſe back, I'le not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither Sir.

More. Yet thus far by your favour Widdow, 'tis tuffe.

Wid. And therefore not for my diet, for I love a tender one.

More. Sweet Widdow, leave your frumps, & be edified; you know my ſtate, I ſell no Perſpectives, Scarfes, Gloves, nor Hangers, nor put my truſt in ſhoe-ties; and where your husband in an age was riſing by burnt Figs, dreg'd with meal, & powdered Sugar, Saunders, and grains, Worm-ſeed, and rotten Reaſons, and ſuch vile Tobacco, that made the Footmen mangy; I, in a year have put up hundreds incloſ'd; my Widdow, thoſe pleaſant Meadows, by a forfeit Morgage; for which the poor Knight takes a lone Chamber, owes

for

for his Ale, and dare not beat his Hosteſſe: Nay more ——

Wid. Good Sir no more, what e're my husband was, I know what I am, and if you marry me, you muſt bear it bravely off Sir.

More. Not with the head, ſweet Widdow.

Wid. No ſweet Sir, but with your ſhoulders: *I* muſt have you dub'd, for under that I will not ſtoop a feather. My husband was a fellow lov'd to toyle, fed ill, made gain his exerciſe, and ſo grew coſtive, which for I was his wife, and gave way to, and ſpun mine own ſmocks courſe, and Sir, ſo little: but let that paſſe; Time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband, who in penitence of ſuch fruitleſſe five years marriage, left me great with his wealth, which if you'le be a worthy Goſſip to, be Knighted Sir. *Enter Sav.*

More. Now Sir, from whence come you? whoſe man are you Sir?

Sav. Sir, I come from Young Maſter *Loveleſſe*.

More. Be ſilent Sir, I have no money, not a penny for you, he's ſunk, your Maſter's ſunk, a periſht man Sir.

Sav. Indeed his Brother's ſunk Sir, God be with him, a periſh't man indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

More. How ſaidſt thou, good my friend, his Brother drown'd?

Sav. Untimely Sir, at Sea.

More. And thy Young Maſter left ſole heir?

Sav. Yes Sir. *More.* And he wants money.

Sav. Yes, and ſent me to you, for he is now to be Knighted.

More. Widdow be wiſe, there's more land coming, Widdow be very wiſe, and give thanks for me Widdow.

Wid. Be you very wiſe, and be Knighted, and then give thanks for me Sir.

Sav. What ſayes your worſhip to this money.

More. I ſay he may have the money if he pleaſe.

Sav. A thouſand Sir.

More. A thouſand Sir, provided my wife Sir, his Land lye for the payment, otherwiſe ——

Enter Young Loveleſſe, and Comrades to them.

Sav. He's here himſelf Sir, and can better tell you.

More. My notable dear friend, and worthy Maſter *Loveleſſe*, and now right worſhipfull, all joy and welcome.

Yo. Lov. Thanks to m dear incloſer, Maſter *Moretraſt*, prethee old Angel gold, ſalute my family, Ile do as much for thine: this and your own deſires, fair Gentlewoman.

Wid. And yours Sir, if you mean well: 'tis a handſome Gentleman.

Yo. Lo. Sirrah, my Brothers dead.

More.

More. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Dead, and by this time ſonſt for Ember week.

More. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Drown'd, drown'd at Sea man! by the next freſh Conger that comes, we ſhall hear more.

More. Now by the faith of my body it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Aſſe, and weep for the dead? why, I thought nothing but a general inundation would have mov'd thee; prethee be quiet, he hath left his land behind him.

More. O has he ſo?

Yo. Lo. Yes faith, I thank him for't, I have all boy, haſt any ready money?

More. Will you ſell Sir?

Yo. Lo. No, not out-right, good Grip[illegible]ry, a Morgage, or ſuch a ſlight ſecurity.

More. I have no money fit for Morgage, if you will ſell, and all or none, I'le work a new Mine for you.

Savill. Good Sir look afore you, he'll work you out of all elſe: if you ſell your Land, you have ſold your Countrey, and then you muſt to Sea, to ſeek your Brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering Tub, and break your teeth with Biskers, and hard Beef; that muſt have watring Sir, and wher's your three hundred pounds a year in drink then? if you'l turn up the ſtraights, you may; for you have no calling for drink there, but with a Cannon; nor no ſcoring, but on your Ships ſides, and then if you ſcape with life, and take a faggot Boat, and a bottle of *Uſquebaugh*, come home poor men, like a type of Thames-ſtreet, ſtinking of pitch and poor *John*. I cannot tell Sir, I would be loath to ſee it.

Cap. Steward, you are an Aſſe, a meazel'd mungrel, and were it not againſt the peace of my ſoveraign friend here, I would break your fore-caſting coxcomb, dogg I would even with thy ſtaffe of office there, thy pen and ink-horn. Noble boy, the God of gold here has fed thee well, take money for thy durt; hark and believe, thou art cold of conſtitution, thy ſeat unhealthfull, ſell and be wiſe; we are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own heart child: mirth ſhall be only ours, and only ours ſhall be the black-ey'd beauties of the time. Money makes men immortal.

Poet. Do what you will, 'tis the noleſt courſe, then you may

live without the charge of people, only we four will make a Family; I, and an age that will beget new *Annals*, in which ile write thy life, my son of pleasure, equal with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

Yo. Lo. What men were they Captain?

Cap. Two roaring boyes of *Rome*, that made all split,

Yo. Lo. Come Sir what dare you give

Sa. You will not sell sir? *Yo. Lo.* Who told you so sir?

Sa. Good Sir, have a care.

Yo. Lo. Peace, or I'le tack your tongue up to your roofe. What money? speak. *More.* Six thousand pounds sir?

Cap. Take it h'as overbidden by this hand: bind him to his bargain quickly.

Yo. Lo. Come strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings

More. There is [illegible]els in earnest.

Sav. Sir, for m[illegible] Masters sake, let my frame be excepted, if I become his Tenant, I am undone, my children beggars, and my Wife God knows what: consider me deare Sir.

More. Ile have all or none.

Yo. Lo. All in, all in, dispatch the writings. *Exit with Com.*

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow, would thou wert wiser.

Sav. Now do I sensibly begin to feele my selfe a Rascal: would I could teach a Schoole, or begg, or lye well, I am utterly undone; now he that taught thee to deceive and couzen, take thee to his mercy. *Exit Savil.*

More. Come widdow, come, never stand upon a Knight-hood, 'tis a meer paper honour, and not proof enough for a Sargeant. Come, come I le make thee——

Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this Sir, no Knight, no Widdow, if you make me any thing, it must be a Lady: And so I take my leave.

More. Farewell sweet widdow, and think of it, *Exit Widdow.*

Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it, it makes me dream Sir.

More. She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: and say I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the Trumpets, I and the Horsemen too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then; then am I hoist into the subsidy, and so by consequence should prove a Coxcomb: I'le have a care of that. Six thousand pound, and then the land is mine: there's some refreshing yet. *Exit.*

Finis Actus secundi.

ACT. 3.

ACT. 3. SCENA 1.

Enter Abigail, and drops her Glove.

Abig. If he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me he's man enough, up goes my reſt, and I know I ſhall draw him.

Wel. This is the ſtrangeſt pamper'd peece of fleſh toward fifty, that every frailty copt withall, what a trim *Ienvoy* here ſhe has put upon me: theſe women ar a proud kind of Cattel, and love this whorſon doing ſo directly, that they will not ſtick to make their very skins Bawds to their fleſh. Here's Dogskin and ſtorax ſufficient to kill a Hawke: what do you with it, beſide nailing it up amongſt *Iriſh* heads of Teere, to ſhew the mightineſs of her palme, I know not: there ſhe is. I muſt enter enter into Dialogue. Lady, you have loſt your glove.

Abig. No Sir, if you have found it.

Welf. It was my meaning, Lady, to reſtore it.

Abig. It will be uncivil in me to take back a favour Fortune hath ſo well beſtowed ſir, pray weare it for me.

Wel. I had rather weare a Bell. But heark you Miſtreſs, what hidden vertue is there in this Glove, that you would have me weare it? Is't good againſt ſore eyes, or will it charm the Toothake? Or theſe red tops being ſteept in white Wine ſoluble, wil't kill the itch? Or has it ſo conceal'd a providence to keep my hand from bonds? If it have none of theſe, and prove no more but a bare glove of halfe a crown a pair, 'twill be but a half courteſie, I weare two alwayes: 'faith lets draw cuts, one will do me no pleaſure.

Abig. The tenderneſs of his years keeps him as yet in ignorance, hee's a well moulded fellow, and I wonder his blood ſhould ſtir no higher; but 'tis his want of company, I muſt grow neerer to him. *Enter elder Loveleſs diſguiſed.*

Eld. Lov. God ſave you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir: This is ſomewhat rude, how came you hither?

El. Lo. Why through the doores, they are open.

Welf. What are you, and what buſineſs have you here?

El. Lo. More I believe then you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow ſpeak with? Art thou ſober?

El. Lo. Yes, I come not here to ſleep.

Wel. Prethee what art thou?

El. Lo. As much (gay man) as thou art; I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

El. Lo. Yes, more then thou dar'ſt be, a Souldier.

Abig. Thou doſt not come to quarrel.

El. Lo. No, not with women; I come here to ſpeak with a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why am I one.

El. Lo. But not with one ſo gentle

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I am not fine, yet I am but new come over, direct me with your ticket to your Taylor and then I ſhall be fine, ſir. Lady, if there be a better of your ſex within this houſe, I ſay I would ſee her

Abig. Why am not I good enough for you Sir?

El. Lo. Your way you'l be too good, pray end my buſineſs. This is another ſuitor. O frail Woman!

Wel. This fellow with his bluntneſs hopes to do more then the long ſutes of a thouſand could; though he be ſowre he's quick, I muſt not truſt him. Sir, this Lady is not to ſpeak with you, ſhe is more ſerious: you ſmell as if you were new calkt, go and be hanſome, and then you may fit with the Serving-men.

El. Lo. What are you Sir?

Wel. Troth gueſſe by my outſide.

El. Lo. Then I take your Sir for ſome new ſilken thing wean'd from the Countrey, that ſhall (when you come to keep good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray good proud Gentlewoman help me to your Miſtreſs.

Ab. How many lives haſt thou, that thou talkeſt thus rudely?

El. Lo. But one, one, I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one life Sir maintain you ever in ſuch bold ſawcineſs?

El. Lo. Yes, amongſt a nation of ſuch men as you are, and be no worſe for wearing. Shall I ſpeak with this Lady?

Abig. No by my troth ſhall you not.

El. Lo. I muſt ſtay here then.

Wel. That you ſhall not neither.

El. Lo. Good fine thing tell me why.

Wel. Good angry thing Ile tell you:
This is no place for ſuch companions,
Such lowzy Gentlemen ſhall finde their buſineſs

Better

Better i'th Suburbs, there your ſtrong pitch perfume,
Mingled with lees of Ale, ſhall reeke in faſhion:
This is no Thames-ſtreet ſir,
Abig. This Gentleman informes you truly.
Prethee be ſatisfied, and ſeek the Suburbs.
Good Captain, or what ever title elſe,
The warlike Eel-boats have beſtowed upon thee,
Go and reforme thy ſelf, prethee be ſweeter.
And know my Lady ſpeaks with no ſuch ſwabbers.
El. Lo. You cannot talke me out with your tradition
Of wit you pick from Playes, go too, I have found ye:
And for you, tender ſir, whoſe gentle blood
Runs in your Noſe, and makes you ſnuff at all,
But three pil'd people, I do let you know
He that begot your Worſhips ſattin ſute,
Can make no men ſir; I will ſee this Lady.
And with the reverence of your Silkenſhip,
In theſe old Ornaments.
Wel. You will not ſure.
El. Lo. Sure I ſhall.
Abig. You would be beaten out.
El. Lo. Indeed I will not, or if I would be beaten,
Pray who ſhall beat me? This good Gentleman
Looks as he were o'th peace.
Wel. Sir, you ſhall ſee that: will you get you out?
El. Lo. Yes that, that ſhall correct your boyes tongue.
Dare you fight? I will ſtay here ſtill. *They draw.*
Abig. O their things are out, help, help, for Gods ſake.
Madam, they foin at one another.
Madam, why who is within there? *Enter Lady.*
Lady. Who breeds this rudeneſs? *Wel.* This uncivil fellow
He ſayes he comes from Sea, where I beleeve
H'as purg'd away his manners.
Lady. Why, what of him?
Wel. Why he will rudely without once God bleſs you,
Preſſe to your privaces, and no deniall
Muſt ſtand betwixt your perſon and his buſineſs;
I let go his ill language.
Lady. Sir have you buſineſs with me?
El. Lo. Madam, ſome I have,

But now ſo ſerious to pawn my life for't,
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you
Such Knights o'th *Sun* as this is, to defie
Men of imployment to ye, you may live,
But in what Fame?

La. Pray ſtay Sir, who has wrong'd you?

El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivily
He flung his wild words at me: But to you
I think he did no honour, to deny
The haſt I come withal, a paſſage to you,
Though I ſeem courſe.

La. Excuſe me gentle ſir, 'twas from my knowledge,
And ſhall have no protection. And to you Sir,
You have ſhew'd more heat than wit, and from your ſelf
Have borrowed power I never gave you here,
To do theſe vild unmanly things; my houſe
Is no blind ſtreet to ſwagger in; and my favours
Not doting yet on your unknown deſerts
So far, that I ſhould make you maſter of my buſineſs:
My credit yet ſtands fairer with the people
Then to be tride with ſwords: And they that comes
To do me ſervice, muſt not think to win me
With a hazard of a murther; if your love
Conſiſt in fury, carry it to the Camp,
And there in honour of ſome common Miſtreſs,
Shorten your youth: I pray be better temper'd,
And give me leave a while ſir.

Wel. You muſt have it. *Exit. Welford.*

La. Now Sir, your buſineſs.

El. Lo. Firſt I thank you for ſcooling this young fellow.
Whom his own follies, which are prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him away to his repentance:
Next, I ſhould raile at you, but you are a woman,
And anger's loſt upon you.

La. Why at me ſir?
I never did you wrong, for to my knowledge,
This is the firſt ſight of you.

El. Lo. You have done that,
I muſt confeſs I have the leaſt ſhare in,

Becauſe

Becauſe the leaſt acquaintance: But there be
(If there be honour in the minds of men)
Thouſands, when they ſhall know what I deliver,
(As all good men muſt ſhare in't) will to ſhame
Blaſt your black memory.
La. How is this good ſir?
El. Lo. 'Tis that, that if you have a ſoul, will choack it:
Y'ave kil'd a Gentleman. *La.* I kild a Gentleman?
El. Lo. You and your cruelty have kil'd him woman,
And ſuch a man (let me be angry in't,)
Whoſe leaſt worth weighed above all womens vertues
That are: I ſpare you all to come too: gueſs him now.
La. I am ſo innocent; I cannot ſir.
El. Lo. Repent you mean, are you a perfect woman;
And as the firſt was, made for mans undoing?
La. Sir you have miſt your way, I am not ſhe.
El. Lo. Would he had miſt his way too, though he had
Wandred farther then women are ill ſpoken of,
So that he had miſt this miſerie, you Lady.
La. How do you do ſir?
El. Lo. Well enough I hope,
While I can keep my ſelf out from temptation.
La. Pray leap into the matter, whither would ye?
El. Lo. You had a ſervant that your peeviſhneſs
Injoyn'd to travail. *La.* Such a one I have
Still, and ſhould be grieved 'twere otherwiſe.
El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be greiv'd he's dead;
How you will anſwer for his worth, I know not,
But this I am ſure, either he, or you, or both,
Were ſtark mad, elſe he might have liv'd,
To have given a ſtronger teſtimony to th' world,
Of what he might have been, He was a man,
I knew but in his evening, ten Suns after,
Forc'd by tyrant ſtorm, our beaten Bark
Bulg'd under us: in which ſad parting blow,
He cal'd upon his Saint, but not for life,
On you unhappy woman, and whilſt all
Sought to preſerve their ſoules, he deſperately
Imbrac'd a Wave, crying to all that ſaw it;
If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me,

To

To this untimely end, and make her happy:
His name was *Loveleſs*, And I ſcap't the ſtorm,
And now you have my buſineſs. *La.* 'Tis too much.
Would I had been that ſtorm, he had not periſht.
If you'l rail now, I will forgive you ſir.
Or if you'l call in more, if any more,
Come from his ruine I ſhall juſtly ſuffer
What they can ſay, I do confeſs my ſelf
A guilty cauſe in this. I would ſay more,
But griefe is grown too great to be delivered.

El. Lo. I like this: theſe women are ſtrange things,
'Tis ſomewhat of the lateſt now to weep:
You ſhould have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with theſe tears at home.

La. Would you had told me then ſo, theſe two arms had been his Sea.

El. Lo. Truſt me, you move me much: but ſay he lived, theſe were forgotten things again.

La. I, ſay you ſo? Sure I ſhould know that voice: this is knavery, Ile fit you for it: were he living ſir, I would perſwade you to be Charitable, I, and confeſs we are not all ſo ill, as your opinion holds us. Oh my friend, what pennance ſhall I put upon my fault, upon my moſt unworthy ſelf for this?

El. Lo. Leave me to others, 'twas ſome jealouſie,
That turn'd him deſperate.

La. Ile be with you ſtrait: are you wrung there?

El. Lo. This works a main upon her.

La. I do confeſs there is a Gentleman,
Has born me long good will. *El. Lo.* I do not like that.

La. And vowed a thouſand ſervices to me; to me, regardleſs of him: But ſince Fate, that no power can withſtand, has taken from me my firſt and beſt Love, and to weep away my mouth is a meer folly I will ſhew you what I determine ſir: you ſhall know all: call Mr. *Welford* there: That Gentleman I mean to make the model of my Fortunes, and in his chaſt embraces, keep alive the memory of my loſt lovely *Loveleſs*: he is ſomewhat like him too.

El. Lo. Then you can love?

La. Yes certainly ſir,
Though it pleaſe you to think me hard and cruel,
I hope I ſhall perſwade you otherwiſe.

El. Lo.

Eld. Lo. I have made my ſelf a fine fool. *Enter. Welſord*

Wel. Would you have ſpoken with me Madam?

La. Yes Mr *Welf.* and I ask you pardon before this Gentleman. for being forward: this kiſs, and henceforth more affection.

El. Lo. So, 'tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Welf. This is a ſudden paſſion, God hold it.
This fellow out of his fear, ſure has
Perſwaded her. I'le give him a new ſuit on't,

La. A parting kiſs, and good ſir, let me pray you
To wait me in the Gallery:

Wel. I am in another world, Madam where you pleaſe. *Ex. Welf.*

El. Lo. I will to Sea, an't ſhall go hard but I'le be drown'd indeed

La. Now Sir you ſee I am no ſuch hard hearted creature,
But time may win me.

El. lo. You have forgot your loſt love.

La. Alas ſir. what would you have me d[illegible] cannot call him back again with ſorrow; Ile love this man as dearely, and beſhrow me, Ile keep him far enough from Sea; and 'twas told me, now I remember me, by an old wife woman, that my firſt love ſhould be drown'd and ſee 'tis come about.

El. lo. I Would ſhe had told you your ſecond ſhould be hang'd too, and let that come about: but this is very ſtrange.

La. Faith ſir, conſider all, and then I know you'l be of my mind: If weeping could redeem him, I would weep ſtill.

El. lo. But ſay that I were *Loveleſs.*
And ſcap'd the ſtorm, how would you anſwer this;

La. Why, for that Gentleman I would leave all the world.

El. Lo. This young thing too?

La. This young thing too.
Or any young thing elſe: why I would loſe my ſtate.

El. Lo. Why then he lives ſtill; I am he, your *Loveleſs*

La. Alaſs I knew it ſir, and for that purpoſe prepared this Pageant: get you to your taske, and leave theſe Players tricks, or I ſhall leave you indeed; I ſhall Travil, or know me not.

El. Lo. Will you then marry?

La. I will not promiſe, take your choice. Farewel.

El. Lo. There is no other Purgatory but a Woman:
I muſt do ſomthing. *Exit Loveleſs*

Wel. Miſtreſs I am bold. *Enter Welford.*

La. You are indeed. *Wel.* You ſo over-joyed me Lady:

La. Take heed you ſurfet not, pray faſt and welcome.
Wel. By this light you love me extreamly.
La. By this light and to morrowes light, I care not for you
Wel. Come, come, you cannot hid it.
La. Indeed I can where you ſhall never finde it. (on't
Wel. I like this mirth well Lady, *La.* You ſhall have more
Wel. I muſt kiſs you *La.* No Sir. *Wel.* indeed I muſt.
La. What muſt be, muſt be: Ile take my leave, you have you parting blow: I pray commend me to thoſe few friends you have, that ſent you hither, and tell them, when you traval next, 'twere fit you brought leſs bravery with you, and more wit, you'l never get a wife elſe. *Wel.* Are you in earneſt?
La. Yes faith, will you eat ſir? your Horſes will be ready ſtraight, you ſhall have a napkin laid in the Buttery for ye.
Wel. Do not you love me then? *La.* Yes for that face
Well It is a [redacted]ne Lady?
La. Yes if it [redacted] not wrapt, the fire in time may mend it.
VVel. Me thinks yours is none of the beſt Lady.
La. No by your troth Sir, yet o'my conſcience
You would make ſhift with it.
VVel. Come pray no more of this.
La. I will not. Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? Bring out the Gentlemans horſes, he's in haſt; and ſet ſome cold meat on the Table.
VVel. I have too much of that I thank you Lady: take your chamber when you pleaſe, there goes a black one with you Lady.
La. Farewell young man. *Exit Lady.*
VVel. You have made me one, Farewel: and may the curſe of a great houſe fall upon thee, I mean the Buttler. The Devil and all his works are in theſe women, would all of my ſex were of my mind, we would make um a new Lent, and a long one, that fleſh might be in more reverence with them, *Enter Abigall to him.*
Ab. I am ſorry Mr. *VVelford.* *VVel.* So am I that thou art here,
Ab. How does my Lady uſe you? *VVel.* As I would uſe the,
Ab. I ſhould have been more kinde Sir. (ſcurvily
VVel. I ſhould have been undone then. pray leave me, and look to your ſweet meats; hark your Lady calls:
Ab. Sir I ſhall borrow ſo much time without offence.
VVel. Thou art nothing but offence, for loves ſake leave me.
Ab. 'Tis ſtrange my Lady ſhould be ſuch a Tyrant.

VVel.

Wel. To send you to me, pray go stich, good do, y'are more trouble to me than a Term.

Abig. I do not know how my good will, if I said love, I lyed not, should any way deserve this.

Wel. A thousand waies a thonsand waies; sweet creature let me depart in peace. *Ab.* What creature sir? I hope I am a woman

Wel. A hundred I think by your noise.

Ab. Since you are angry Sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a woman an a rib. *Wel.* Of a roasted Horse. *Ab* Conster me that.

Wel. A Dog can do it better; Farewel Countesse, and commend me to your Lady, tell her she's proud and scurvie, and so I commit you both to your temper. *Ab.* Sweet Mr. *Welford.*

Wel. Avoid old *Satanus*: Go daub your ruines, thy face looks fouler then a storme: the Footman stayes you in the Loby Lady.

Ab. If you were a Gentleman I should know it by your gentle conditions: are these fit words to give a Gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for ye: Sirrah, my horse, Farewell old Adage, keep your nose warme, the Rheume will make it horn else. *Exit VWelford.*

Ab. The blessings of a prodigall young heir be thy companion *VWelford*, marry come up my gentleman, are your gumes grown so tender they cannot bite? A skittish Fillie will be your fortune *VWelford*, and fair enough for such a packsaddle. And I doubt not (if my aim hold) to see her made to amble to your hand. *Exit Abigal:*

Enter young Loveless and Comrades, Morecraft, VWidow, Savill, and the rest.

Cap. Save thy brave shoulder, my young puissant Knight, and may thy black-sword bite them to the bone, that love the not, thou art an errant man, go on. The circumcis'd shall fall by thee, Let land and labour fill the man that tills, thy sword must be thy Plow, and *Iove* it speed. *Meca* shall sweat, and *Mahomet* shall fall, and thy dear name fill up his Monument.

Yo. Lo. It shall Captain, I mean to be a worthy.

Cap. One Worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

More. Captain I shall deserve some of your love too, I hope.

Cap. Thou shalt have heart and hand too, noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend me money. I am a man of Garrison, be rul'd, and open to me those infernal gates, whence none of thy evil Angels pass again, and I will stile thee noble, nay *Don Diego*, Ile wooe thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.

More. Pardon me Captain, y'are beside my meaning.

Yo. Lo. No Mr. *Morecraft*, 'tis the Captains meaning I should prepare her for ye. *Cap.* Or provoke her.
Speak my modern man, I say provoke her.

Poe. Captain, I say so too, or stir her to it, So say the Criticks.

Yo. lo. But howsoever you expound it Sir, she's very welcome, and this shall serve for witness. and widow, since y'are come so happily you may deliver up the Keyes, and free possession of this house, whilst I stand by to ratifie.

Wid. I had rather give it back again beleive me.
'Tis a misery to say you had it. Take heed.

Yo. lo. 'Tis past that widow; come sit down, some wine there, there is a scurvy banquet if we had it. Mr. *Morecraft*, all this fair house is yours Sir. *Savil?* *Sav.* Yes Sir.

Yo. lo. Are your keyes ready, I must ease your burthen.

Sav. I am ready sir to be undone when you shall call me to't.

Yo. lo. Come, come, thou shalt live better.

Sav. I shall have less to do, that's all; there is half a dozen of my friends i'th fields Sunning against a bank, with half a breech among um, I shall be with um shortly. The care and continual vexation of being rich, eat up this rascal; what shall become of my poor family? they are no sheep, and yet they must keep themselves.

Yo. lo. Drink Mr. *Morecraft*, be merry all.
Nay, and you will not drink there's no society;
Captain, speak loud, and drink: Widow a word.

Cap. Expound her throughly Knight. Here god a gold here's to thy fair possession: Be a Baron, and a bold one: Leave off your tickling of young heirs like Trouts, and let thy Chimnies smoke. Feed men o'war, live and be honest, and be saved yet.

More. I thank you worthy Captain for your counsel, you keep your chimnies smoking there, your nostrils; and when you can, you feed a man of war, this makes you not a Baron, but a bare one: and how or when you shall be saved let the Clerk o'th Company (you have commanded) have a just care of.

Poet. The man is much moved, Be not angry Sir, but as the Poet sings, let your displeasure be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home and bitterly to me Sir: Captain take truce, the Miser is a tart and a witty whorson.

Cap. Poet you fain per die; the wit of this man lies in his fingers ends, he must tell all; his tongue fits his mouth like a neats-tongue,

and

and only ſerves to lick his hungry chaps after a purchaſe: his brains & brimſtone are the devils diet to fat a uſurers head: to her Knight to her, clap her abroad, and ſtow her. Where's the brave Steward?

Sav. Here's your poor friend, and *Savil* Sir.

Cap. Away th'art rich in Tenements of Nature. Firſt in thy face, thou haſt a ſerious face, abetting, barganing, and ſaving face, a rich face, pawn it to the Uſurer; a face to kindle the compaſſion of the moſt ignorant and frozen Juſtice.

Sav. Tis ſuch I ſhall dare to ſhew it ſhortly ſir.

Cap. Be blithe and bonny Steward. Mr. *Morecraft*, Drink to this man of reckoning. *More.* Here's e'ne to him.

Sav. The Devil guid it downward: would there were in't an aker of the great broom-field he bought, to ſweep your dirty conſcience, or to choke you, 'tis all one to me Uſurer.

Yo. Lo. Conſider what I told you, you are young, unapt for worldly buſineſs: is it fit one of ſuch tenderneſs, ſo dilicate, ſo contrary to things of care, ſhould ſtir and break her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels, or a new Kirtle, though it be Sattin: Eat by the hope of ſurfets, and lye down only in expectation of a morrow, that may undo ſome eaſie hearted fool, or reach a Widows curſes; let out money whoſe uſe returns the principall: and get out theſe troubles, and conſuming heir: For ſuch one muſt follow neceſſary, you ſhall die hated, if not old and miſerable. and that poſſeſt wealth that you got with pining, live to ſee tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more a kin to you, than you to his cozenage. *Wid.* Sir, you ſpeak well, would God that charity had firſt begun here. *Yo. Lo.* Tis yet time. Be merry, me thinks you want Wine there, ther's more i'th houſe: Captain, where reſts the health? *Cap.* It ſhall go round boy.

Yo. Lo. Say you can ſuffer this, becauſe the end points at much profit, can you ſo farre bow below your blood, below your too much beauty, to be a partner of this fellows bed, and lie with his diſeaſes? If you can, I will not preſs you further; yet look upon him, there's nothing in that hide-bound Uſurer, that man of mat, that all decay'd, but aches, for you to love, unleſs his periſht lungs, his dry cough, or his ſcurvy. This is truth, and ſo far I dare ſpeak yet; he has yet, paſt cure of Phiſick, ſpaw, or any diet, a primative pox in his bones: and to my knowledge he has been ten times roweld: ye may love [illegible] he has a baſtard, his own toward iſſue whipt, and then cr[illegible] t the roſes, in three farthings

to

to make um pence. *Widdow.* I do not like the Morall.

Yo. Lo. You muſt not like him then. *Enter Eld. Lo.*

El. Lo. By your leave Gentleman.

Yo. Lo. By my troth ſir you are welcome, welcome faith: Lord what a ſtranger you are grown; pray know this Gentlewoman, and if you pleaſe, theſe friends here: we are merry, you ſee the worſt on's; your houſe has been kept warm ſir.

El. Lo. I am glad to hear it brother, pray God you are wiſe too,

Yo. Lo. Pray Mr. *Morecraft* know my elder brother, and Captain, do you complement: *Savil*, I dare ſwear is glad at heart to ſee you: Lord, we heard ſir you were drown'd at Sea, and ſee how luckily things come about?

More. This money muſt be paid back again ſir.

Yo. Lo. No ſir, pray keep the Sale, 'twill make good Taylors meaſures: I am well I thank you.

Wid. By my troth the Gentleman hath ſtewed him in his own Sawce, I ſhall love him for't,

Sav. I know not where I am, I am ſo glad: your worſhip is the welcom'ſt man alive; upon my knees I bid you welcome home: here has been ſuch a hurry, ſuch a din, ſuch a diſmal drinking, ſwearing, and whoring, 'thas almoſt made me mad: we have lived in a continuall *Turnball-ſtreet*: Sir, bleſt be the hour that ſent you ſafe again; now ſhall I eat and go to bed again.

El. Lo. Brother diſmiſs theſe people.

Yo. Lo. Captain be gone a while, meet me at my old *Randeſvouze* in the evening, take your ſmall Poet with you. Mr. *Morecraft*, you were beſt to prattle with your learned Councill, I ſhall preſerve your money. I was couzened when time was, we are quit ſir.

Wel. Better and better ſtill. *El. Lo.* What is this fellow brother?

Yo. Lo. A thirſty Uſurer, that ſupt my Land off.

El. Lo. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Lo. To be Landlord of your Houſe and State: I was bold to make a little ſale ſir.

More. Am I over-reach'd? if there be Law ile hamper ye.

El. Lo. Prethee be gone, and rave at home, thou art ſo baſe a fool I cannot laugh at thee: Sirrah, this comes of couzening home and ſpare, eat radiſh till you raiſe your ſums again. if you ſtir far in this, Ile have you whipt, your ears nail'd for intelligencing to'th Pillory, and your goods forfeit: you are a ſtale cozener, leave my houſe: no more——

More.

More. A pox upon your house. Come Widow, I shall yet hamper this young Gamester.

Wid. Good twelve i'th the hundred keep your way, I am not for your diet, marry in your own Tribe *Jew*, and yet a Broker.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis well said Widdow: will you jogg on sir?

More. Yes, I will go but 'tis no matter whither:
But when I trust a wild fool and a woman,
May I lend *gratis* to build Hospitals.

Yo. Lo. Nay good sir, make all even here's a Widow wants your good word for me, she's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.

El. Lo. I am glad you look before you. Gentlewoman here is a poor distressed younger brother.

Wid. You do him wrong he is a Knight.

El. Lo. I ask you mercy: yet 'tis no matter, his knighthood is no inheritance I take it: Whatsoever he is, he is your servant or would be Lady. Faith be not merciless, but make a man; he's young and handsome, though he be my brother, and his observances may deserve your love: he shall not fall for meaus.

Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy brother: and so much I do credit your fair language, that I shall love your brother; and so love him, but I shall blush to say more.

El. Lo. Stop her mouth, I hope you shall not live to know that hour when this shall be repented. Now brother, I should chide, but Ile give no distast to your fair Mistress, I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't: you have been wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

Yo. Lo. Sir, every day now spring comes on.

El. Lo. To your good Mr. *Savil*, and your office; thus much I have to say: Y'are from my steward become, first your own drunkard then his bawd: they say y'are excellent grown in both, and perfect: give me your keyes sir *Savil*.

Sav. Good Sir, consider who you left me to.

El. Lo. I left you as a curb, not to provoke my brothers follies: where's the best drink now? come tell me *Savil*: where's the soundest whores? Ye old he Goat, ye dried Ape, ye lame Stallion, must you be leaping in my house, your whores, like Fairies dance their night rounds, without fear either of King or Constable, within my walls? Are all Hangings safe my sheep unfold yet? I hope my Plate is currant, I ha too much on't. What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

Sav. Good sir forgive me, and but hear me speak.

El. Lo. Methinks thou shouldst be drunk still, and not speak, 'tis

the

the more pardonable. *Sav.* I will Sir, if you will have it so.

El.Lo. I thank ye: Yes, e'ne pursue it sir: do you hear, get a whore soon for your recreation: go look out *Captain broken-breech* your fellow, and quarrel if you dare: I shall deliver these keyes to one shall have more honesty, though not so much fine wit Sir. You may walk and gather *Cresses* Sir, to cool your liver; there's something for you to begin a diet, you'l have the pox else; speed you well sir *Savil*, you may eat at my house to preserve life, but keep no fornication in the stables. *Exeunt omnes praeter Savil.*

Sav. Now must I hang my self, my friends will look for't.
Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now:
I will run mad first, and if that get no pitty,
Ile drown my self to a most dismal ditty. *Exit. Savil*

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 1.

Enter Abigal solus.

Abig. ALas poor Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath Age brought thee? to what a scurvy fortune? thou that hast been a Companion for Noblemen, and at the worst of those times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Serving-man must beg for favour to those that would have crawld like Pilgrims to my chamber, but for an apparition of me: you that be coming on, make much of fifteen, and so till five and twenty, use your time with reverence that your profit may arise: it will not tarry with you, *exce signum:* here was a face, but time that like a furfet, eats out youth plague of his iron teeth, and draw um for't has been a little bolder here then welcome: and now to say the truth, I am fit for no man Old men i'th house of fifty, call me Granam; and when they are drunk, e'ne then, when *Joane* and my *Lady* are all one, not one will do me reason. My little Levit hath forsaken me, his silver sound of Cittern, quite abolisht his dolefull *hymnes* under my Chamber window, digested into tedious learning: well fool, you leap a haddock when you left him: he is a clean man, and a good edifier, and twenty nobles is his state *de claro*, besides his pigges in *posse*. To this good *Homilist* I have been ever stuborn, which God forgive me for and mend my manners: And love if ever thou hadst care of forty, of such a peece of lape ground hear my prayer, and fire his zeal so far forth, that my faults in this renewed impression of my love, may shew corrected to our gentle Reader. *Enter Roger.*

See

See how negligently he passes by me: with what an Equipage Canonical, as though he had broken the heart of *Bellermine*, or added something to the singing Bretheren. Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it: Maister *Roger*,

Rog. Fair Gentlewoman my name is *Roger*.

Abg. Then gentle *Roger*. *Rog.* Ungentle *Abigal*,

Abig. Why Mr. *Roger*, will you set your wit to a weak womans?

Rog. You are weak indeed, for so the Poet sings.

Ab. I do confess my weakness sweet Sir *Roger*.

Rog. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating, you have a seazon of your first mother in ye: and surely had the Devil been in love he had been abused like me: Go *Dalila*, you make men fools, and wear fig breeches.

Ab. Well well, well, hard hearted men, you may dilate upon the weak infirmities of women: these are fit texts, but once there was a time, would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes, those Orient eyes.

Rog. I, they were pearls once with you.

Ab. Saving your reverence sir, so they are still.

Ro. Nay, nay, I do beseech you leave your cogging, what they are, they are, they serve without spectacles, I thank um.

Ab. O will you kill me? *Ro.* I do not think I can.
Y'are like a Coppy-hold with nine lives in't.

Ab. You wore wont to bear a Christian fear about you:
For your own worship sake.

Ro. I was a Christian fool then: Do you remember what a dance you led me? how I grew quam'd in love, and was a dunce? could not expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: and then out of the stinking stir you put me in, I praied for my own royal issue. You do remember all this? *Ab.* O be as then you were.

Ro. I thank you for it, surely I will be wiser *Abigal*: And as the Ethnick Poets sings, I will not lose my oyle and labour too.
Y'are for the worshipful I take it *Abigal*.

Ab. O take it so, and then I am for thee.

Ro. I like these tears well, and this humbling also; they are Symtomes of contrition, as a Father saith. If should fall into my fit again, would you not shake me into a quotidian Coxcomb? Would not you use me scurvily again, and give me possets with purging Comfets in's? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me, than a long Chapter with Pedegree.

Abig. O Curate cure me: I will love thee better, dearer, longer, I will do any thing, betray the secrets of the main Household to thy reformation, My Lady shall look lovingly on thy learning; and when due time shall point thee for a Parson, I will convert thy egges to penie custards, and thy tythe goose shall graze and multiply.

Reg. I am mollified, as well shall testifie this faithful kiss: but have a great care Mistress *Abigall*, how you depress the Spirit any more with your rebukes and mocks: for certainly the edge of such a folly cuts it self.

Abig. O Sir, you have pierc'd me throw; here I vow a recantation to those malicious faults I ever did against you. Never more will I despise your learning, never more pin cards and Cony-tailes upon your Cassock, never again reproch your reverend night-cap, & call it by the mangie name of Murrin, never your reverend person more, & say you look like one of *Baalls* Priests in the hanging; never again when you say grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers, never cramp you more with the great Book of Martyrs, nor when you ride get sope & thistles for you. No my *Roger*, these faults shall be corrected and amended, as by the tenour of my tears appeares.

Roger. Now cannot I hold if I should be hang'd I must cry too. Come to thine own beloved *Abigall*, and even do what thou wilt with me sweet, sweet *Abigall*. I am thine own for ever, here's my hand, when *Roger* proves a recreant, hang him i'th Belropes.

Enter Lady and Martha.

La. Why how now Master *Roger*, no prayers down with you to night? Did you here the bell ring? You are courting: your flock shall fat well for it.

Reg. I humbly ask your pardon: Ile chop up prayers (but stay a little) and be with you again. *Exit Reg. Enter El. Lo.*

La. How dare you, being so unworthy a fellow? Presume to come to move me any more?

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, ha. *La.* What ailes the fellow?

El. Lo. The fellow comes to laugh at you, I tell you Lady, I would not for your land, be such a Coxcomb, such a whining Asse, as you decreed me for, when I was last here.

La. I joy to here you are wise, 'tis a rare jewell in an elder brother: pray be wiser yet.

El. Lo. Methinks I am very wise; I do not come a wooing, Indeed Ile move no more love to your Ladiship.

La.

La. What make you here then?

El. Lo. Only to ſee you and be merry Lady: that's all my buſineſs. Faith let's be very merry. Where's little *Roger*? he's a good fellow, an hour or two well ſpent in wholſome mirth, is worth a thouſand of theſe puling paſſions. 'Tis an ill world for Lovers.

La. They were never fewer.

El. Lo. I thank heaven there's one leſs for me Lady.

La. You were never any Sir.

El. Lo. Till now, and now I am the pretieſt fellow.

La. You talk like a Tailor ſir.

El. Lo. Me thinks your faces are no ſuch fine things now.

La. Why did you tell me you were wiſe? What a lying Age is this? Where will you mend theſe faces?

El. Lo. A hogs face ſouſt is worth a hundred of um.

La. Sure you had a Sow to your Mother.

El. Lo. She brought forth ſuch fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parſons, Lady:

La. 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergie yet.

El. lo. That will not ſave you: O that I were in love again with a wiſh. *La.* By this light y'are a ſcurvie fellow, pray be gone.

El. lo. You know I am a clean skind man. *La.* Do I know it?

El. lo. Come, come, you would know it; that's as good: but not a ſnap, never long for't, not a ſnap dear Ladie.

La. Hark ye Sir, hark ye, get ye to the Suburbs, ther's Horſe-fleſh for ſuch hounds: will you go Sir?

El. Lo. Lord how I lov'd this woman, how I worſhipt this pretty calf with the white face here: as I live, you were the prettieſt fool to play withal, the wittieſt little varlet, it would take: Lord how it talk't: and when I angred it, it would cry out, and ſcratch, and eat no meat, and it would ſay, go hang.

La. It will ſay ſo ſtill if you anger it.

El. Lo. And when I ask it if it would be married, it ſent me of an errant into *France*, and would abuſe me, and be glad it did ſo.

La. Sir, this is moſt unmanly, pray be gone.

El. lo. And ſwear (even when it twittered to be at me) I was unhandſome. *La.* Have you no manners in you?

El. lo. And ſay my back was melted, when heaven knows, I kept it at a charge: Four *Flanders* Mares would have been eaſier to me, and a Fencer. *La.* You think all this is true now.

El. lo. Faith whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you.

But ſo much for our mirth. Now have at you in earneſt.

La. Theres enough ſir, I deſire no more.

El lo. Yes faith, we'l have a caſt at your beſt parts now, And then the Devil take the worſt.

La. Pray Sir no more, I am not ſo much affected with your commendations, tis almoſt dinner, I know they ſtay for you at the Ordinary.

El. lo. E'ne a ſhort Grace, and then I am gone: You are a woman, and the proudeſt that ever lov'd a Coach. the ſcornfulleſt, ſcurvieſt, and moſt ſenſleſs woman, the greedieſt to be prais'd, and never move'd, though it be groſs and open: the moſt envious, that at the poor fame of anothers face, would eat your own, and more than is your own, the paint belonging to it: of ſuch a ſelf opinion, that you think none can deſerve your glove: and for your malice, you are ſo excellent, you might have been your tempters. Tutor: nay, never cry.

La. Your own heart knows you wrong me: I cry for ye?

El. lo. You ſhall before I leave you.

La. Is all this ſpoke in earneſt?

El. lo. Yes and more, as ſoon as I can get it out

La. Well, out with't. *El. Lo.* You are: let me ſee.

La. One that has us'd you with too much reſpect.

El. lo. One that has us'd me (ſince you will have it ſo) the baſeſt, the moſt foot-boy like, without reſpect of what I was, or what you might be by me: you have us'd me as I would uſe a jade, ride him off's legs, then turn him to the Commons: you have us'd me with diſcretion, and I thank ye. If you have any more ſuch pretty ſervants, pray build an Hoſpital, and when they are old, pray keep um for ſhame. *La.* I cannot think yet this is ſerious.

El. Lo. Will you have more on't?

La. No faith there's enough if it be true: Too much by all part: you are no lover then?

El. lo. No, I had rather be a Carrier.

La. Why the Gods amend all.

El. lo. Neither do I think there can be ſuch a fellow found i'th world, to be in love with ſuch a froward woman: if there be ſuch, tha'are mad, *Iove* comfort um. Now have you all, and I as new a man, as light, as ſpirated, that I feel my ſelf clean though another creature. O 'tis brave to be owns own man, I can ſee you now as I would ſee a picture, ſit all day by you, and never kiſs your hand, hear

hear you ſing and never fall backward: but with as ſet a temper as I would hear a Fidler, riſe & thank you. I can now keep my money in my purſs, that ſtill was gadding out for Scarfs and Waſtcoats, and keep my hands from mercers ſheep skins finely. I can eat Mutton now, and feaſt my ſelf with two ſhillings, and can ſee a Play for eighteen pence again. I can my Lady, I can,

La. The carraige of this fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let me ſpeak a little private with you, I muſt not ſuffer this.

El. lo. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me? You will not raviſh me? Now, your ſet ſpeech?

La. Thou perjur'd man. *El. lo.* Ha, ha, ha, this a fine *exordium*? And why I pray you perjur'd?

La. Did you not ſwear a thouſand thouſand times, you lov'd me beſt of all things?

El. Lo. I do confeſs it: make your uſe of that.

La. Why do you ſay you do not then?

El. lo. Nay Ile ſwear it.
And give ſufficient reaſon, your own uſage.

La. Do you not love me now then? *El. lo.* No faith.

La. Did you never think I lov'd you dearely?

El. lo. Yes, but I ſee but rotten fruits on't.

La. Do not deny your hand for I muſt kiſs it, and take my laſt farewell: now let me die, ſo you be happy.

El. lo. I am too fooliſh: Lady ſpeak dear Lady.

La. No, let me die. *She ſwounds.*

Mar. O my ſiſter! *Abig.* O my Lady. help, help.

Mar. Run for ſome *Roſaſolis.*

El. lo. I have plaid the fine Aſs. bend her body: Lady, beſt, deareſt, worthieſt Lady, hear your ſervant: I am not as I ſhew'd. O wretched fool to fling away the jewel of thy life thus. Give her more air; ſee, ſhe, begings to ſtir, ſweet Miſtreſs hear me.

La. Is my ſervant well? *El. lo.* In being yours, I am ſo

La. Then I care not.

El. lo. How do ye? Reach a chair there; I confeſs my fault not pardonable: in preſuming thus upon ſuch tenderneſs, my willfull error; but had I known It would have wrought thus with ye, thus ſtraingely, not the world had won me to it, and let not (my beſt Lady) any word ſpoke to any end, diſturb your guiet peace: For ſooner ſhall you know a general ruine, than my faith broken. Do not doubt this Miſtreſs; for by my life I cannot live without you.

Come

Come, come, you ſhall not grieve, rather be angry, and heap affliction me, I will ſuffer, O I could courſe my ſelf, pray ſmile upon me. Upon my faith it was but a trick to try you, knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet ſtrangely that you would never ſhew it, though my means was all humility.

All. Ha, ha, ha. *El. Lo.* How now?

La. I thank you fine fool for your moſt fine plot; this was a ſubtile one, a ſtiff device to have caught Dottrels with, good ſenſleſs Sir, could you imagin I ſhould ſwoun for you and know your ſelf to be an arrant Aſſe? I ha' diſcovered one. Tis quit, I thank you Sir, Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed Sir, ſhe may chance to ſwoun again.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Abig. Step to her, ſee how ſhe changes coulour.

El. Lo. Ile go to hell firſt, and better welcome.
I am fool'd, I do confeſs it, finely fool'd:
Lady, fool'd Madam, and I thank you for it.

La. Faith 'tis not ſo much worth Sir;
But if I knew when you come next a burding,
Ile have a ſtronger nooſe to hold the Woodcock.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. lo. I am glad to you merry, pray laugh on.

Mar. Had a hard heart could not laugh at you.

La. You'l anger him,
And then hee'l raile like a rude Coſtermonger,
That School-boyes had cozened of his Apples.
As loud and ſenſleſs. *El. lo.* I will not raile.

Mar. Faith then let's hear him Siſter.

El. lo. Yes you ſhall hear me.

La. Shall we be the better by it then?

El. lo. No, he that makes a woman better by his words,
Ile have him Sainted: blowes will not do it.

La. By this light he'l beat us. *El. Lo.* You do deſerve it richly:
And you may live to have a Beadle do it.

La. Now he railes *El. lo.* Come ſcornful folly,
If this be railing, you ſhall hear me raile.

La. Pray put it in good words then.

El. lo. The worſt are good enough for ſuch a trifle,
Such a proud peece of Cobweb-lawn. *La.* You bite Sir.

El. lo. I would, till the bones crack, and I had my will.

Mar.

Mar. We had best muzzle him, he growes mad.

El. lo. I would 'twere lawfull in the next great sickness to have the Dogges spared, those harmeless creatures, and knock i'th head these hot continual plagues, women, that are more infectious. I hope the State will think on't. *La.* Are you well Sir?

Mar. He looks as though he had a grievous fit o'th Cholick.

El. lo. Green-ginger will cure me. *Ab.* Ile heat a trencher for him

El. lo. Durty *December*, do: Thou with a face as old as *Esra Pater*, such a prognosticating nose; thou thing that ten y ears since has left to be a woman, out worn the expectation of a Baud, and thy drie bones can reach at nothing now, but gords or nine-pins, pray go fetch a trencher, go. *La.* Let him alone he's crackt.

Ab. Ile see him hang'd first, he's a beastly fellow to use a woman of my breeding thus; I marry is a: would I were a man, I'de make him eat his knaves words.

El. lo. Tie your she Otter up, good Lady folly, foh, she stinkes worse than a Bear-baiting.

Lady. Why will you be angry now?

El. lo. Go paint and purge, call in your kennel with you: you a Lady?

Ab. Sirrah, look to't against the quarter Sessions, if there be good behavior in the world, Ile have thee bound to it.

El. lo. You must not seek it in your Ladies house then; pray send this Ferret home, and spin good *Abigall*; and Madam, that your Ladiship may know, in what base manner ye have us'd my service, I do from this hour hate ye heartily; and though your folly should whip you to repentance, and waken you at length to see my wrongs, tis not the endeavour of your life can win me, not all the friends you have make intercession, nor your submissive letters: though thy spoke as many tears as words; not your knees grown to'th ground in penitence, nor all your state to kiss you; nor my pardon and will to give you Christian burial, if you die thus; so farewell, When I am married, and made sure, Ile come and visit you again, and vex you Lady. By all my hopes, Ile be a torment to you, worse than a tedious Winter. I know you will recant and sue to be; but save that labour: Ile rather love a fever and continual thirst, rather contract my youth to drink, and sacredote upon quarells, or take a drawn Whore from an Hospital, that time, disease, and *Mercury* had eaten, than be drawn to love you.

La. Ha, ha, ha, pray do, but take heed though.

El.Lo. From thee, falſe dice, Jades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliver me, *Exit elder Loveleſſe.*

La. But hark you ſervant, hark, ye: is he gone? call him again.

Abig. Hang him Padock.

La. Art thou here ſtill? flie, flie, and call my ſervant, flie, or nere ſee me more.

Abig. I had rather knit again than ſee that Raſcall, but I muſt do it. *Exit Abigal.*

La. I would be loath to anger him too much; what fine foolery is this in a woman, to uſe thoſe men moſt frowardly, they love moſt? If I ſhould loſe him thus, I were rightly ſerved. I hope he's not ſo much himſelf, to take it to th'heart. How now? Will he come back?

Abig. Never he ſwears while he can hear men ſay there's any woman living: he ſwore he would ha' me firſt.

La. Didſt thou intreat him wench?

Abig. As well as could Madam. But this is ſtill your way, to love being abſent, and when he's with you, laugh at him, and abuſe him. There's another way, if you could hit on't.

La. Thou ſaieſt true, get me paper, pen and ink, Ile write to him I'de be loath he ſhould ſleep in's anger.
Women are moſt fools when they think th'are wiſeſt *Ex. omnes.*

Muſick. Enter Young Loveleſs and Widow going to be married, with them his Comrades.

Wid. Pray Sir caſt off theſe fellows, as unfitting for your bare knowledge, and far more your Company: is't fit ſuch Ragmuffins as theſe are, ſhould bear the name of Friends, and furniſh out a civill houſe? Y'are to be married now, and men that love you, muſt expect a courſe farre from your old carriage: if you will keep um, turn um to'th ſtable, and there make um grooms: and yet now I conſider it, ſuch beggars once ſet a horſeback, you have heard will ride, how far you had beſt look to.

Cap. Hear you, you that muſt be Lady, pray content your ſelf, and think upon your carriage ſoon at night, what dreſſing will beſt take your Knight, what waſtcoat, what cordiall will do well i'th morning for him, what triers have you?

Wid. What do you mean Sir?

Cap. Thoſe that muſt ſwich him up: if he ſtart well, ſcar not, but cry Saint *George*, and bear him hard: when you perceive his wind

wind grows hot and wanting, let him a little down, he's fleet, nere doubt him, and ſtands ſound.

Wid. Sir, you hear theſe fellows?

Yo. Lo. Merry companions, wench, merry companions.

Wid. To one another let um be companions, but good Sir not to you: You ſhall be civil, and ſlip off theſe baſe trappings.

Cap. He ſhall not need, my moſt ſweet Lady Grocer, if he be civil, not your powdred Sugar, not your rotten Reaſons, ſhall perſwade the Captain to live a Coxcomb with him; let him be civil and feed i'th *Arches*, and ſee what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civill, do: undo him: I, that's the next way. I will not take (if he be Civill once) two hundred pounds a year to live with him: be civill there's a trim perſwaſion.

Cap. If thou be'ſt civil Knight, as *Iove* defend it, get thee another noſe, that will be pul'd off by the angry boyes for thy converſion: the children thou ſhall get on this Civilian, cannot inherit by the law, th'are *Ethnicks*, and all thy ſport meer mortal lechery: when they are grown, having but a little in um, they may prove Haberdaſhers, or groſs Grocers, like their dear Dam there: prethee be civill Knight, in time thou maiſt read to thy hou ſhould, and be drunk once a year: this would ſhew finely.

Yo. lo. I wonder ſweet heart, you will offer this, you do not underſtand theſe Gentlemen: I will be ſhort and pithie: I had rather caſt you off by the way of charge, theſe are creatures that nothing goes to maintenance of, but corne and water. I will keep theſe Fellowes juſt in the competeney of two Hens.

Wid. If you can caſt it ſo ſir, you have my liking: if they eat leſs, I ſhould not be offended. But how theſe ſir, can live upon ſo little corn and water, I am unbelieving.

Yo. lo. Why prethee ſweet heart, what's your Ale? is not that corn and water, my ſweet widow?

Wid. I but my ſweet Knight, where's the meat to this, and cloaths that they muſt look for?

Yo. lo. In this ſhort ſentence, *Ale*, is all included, meat drink, and Cloth; there are no raving footmen, no fellowes that at Ordinaries do eat their eighteen pence thrice out before they riſe, and yet go hungry to a Play, and crack more nuts than would ſuffice a dozen Squirrils: beſides the din which is damnable: I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a bear-baiting, than live among ſuch Raſcals: theſe are people of ſuch a clean diſcretion in their diet, of ſuch a moderate ſuſtenance, that they ſweat if they but ſmell hot meat,

Porrenge is poyſon, they hate a Kitchin as they hate a Counter, and ſhew um but a Fetherbed they ſwond. Ale, is their eating and their drinking ſurely, which keeps their bodies clear and ſoluble. Bread is a binder, and for that aboliſht even in their Ale, whoſe loſt roome fils an Apple, which is more air, and of ſubtiler nature. The reſt they take is little, and that little is little eaſie: For like ſtrict men of Order, they do correct their bodies with a bench, or a poor ſtubborn Table: if a chemney offer it ſelf with ſome few broken ruſhes, they are in Downe: when they are ſick; that's drunk, they may have freſh ſtraw, elſe they do deſpiſe theſe worldly pamperings for their poor appearel, 'tis worne out to the diet: new they ſeek none; and if a man ſhould offer, they are angry, ſcarſe to be reconcil'd again with him: you ſhall not hear um ask me a caſt doublet once in a year: which is modeſty befitting my poor friends. You ſee their *Ward-obe*, though ſlender, competent. For ſhirts, I take it, they are things worn out of their remembrance. Lowzie they will be when they liſt, and mangie, which ſhews a fine variety: and then to cure 'em a Tanners lime-pit, which is a little charge, to Dogs and theſe, theſe two may be cur'd for three pence.

Wid. You have half perſwaded me, and pray uſe your pleaſure: and my good friends, ſince I do know your diet, Ile take an order, meat ſhall not offend you, you ſhall have Ale.

Cap. We ask no more, let it be mighty Lady; and if we periſh, then our own ſins on us.

To Lo. Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my boyes, when we have done, Ile give you chear in bowles *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTUS 5. SCENA 1.

Enter Elder Loveleſs.

El. Lo. This ſenſleſs woman vexes me to th'heart, ſhe will not from my memory: would ſhe were a man for one two hours, that I might beat her. If I had been unhandſome, old, or jealous, 'thad been an even lay, ſhe might have ſcorn'd me; but to be young, and by this light I think as proper as the proudeſt, made as clean, as ſtraight as ſtrong backt; means and manners equal with the beſt cloth of ſilver, ſir, i'th Kindome: but theſe are things at ſome time of the moon, below the cut of canvas: ſure ſhe has ſome meaching raſcal in her houſe, ſome hinde, that ſhe hath ſeen bear (like another *Milo*) quarters of malt upon his back and ſing with it, thraſh all day, and 'th evening in his ſtockings ſtrike up a hornpipe, and there ſhink

two hours; and nere a whit the worse man: these are they, these steel chind rascals that undo us all. Would I had been a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed ere this time. *Enter servant,*

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentleman without wou'd speak with you.

El. Lo. Bid him come in, *Enter Welford.*

Wel. By your leave Sir,

El. lo. You are welcome, what's your will Sir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

E lo. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You must sir. I am the Gentleman you pleased to wrong in your disguise, I have inquired you out.

El. lo. I was disguised indeed sir, if I wrong'd you; pray where? and when? *Wel.* In such a Ladies house, I need not name her.

El. lo. I do remember you, you seem'd to be a Suiter to that Lady.

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget how scurvily you us'd me: that was no place to quarrel in, pray you think of it: if you be honest, you dare fight with me, without more urging, else I must provoke yee,

El. lo. Sir I dare fight but never for a woman; I will not have her in my cause, she is mortal, and so is not my anger; if you have brought a noble subject for our swords, I am for you: in this I would be loath to prick my finger. And where you say I wrong'd you, tis so far from my profession, that amongst my fears, to do wrong is the greatest: credit me, we have been both abused (not by our selves, for that I hold a spleen, no sin of malice, and may with man enough be left forgotten) but by that wilful, scornful peece of hatred, that much forgetful Lady: for whose sake, if we should leave our reason, and run on upon our sense, like Rams, the little World of good men would laugh at us, and dispise us, fixing upon our desperate memories, the never-worn out names of Fools and Fencers. Sir, tis not fear, but reason makes me to tell you; In this I had rather help you Sir, then hurt you, and you shall find it, though you throw your self into as many dangers as she offers, though you redeem her lost name every day, and find her out new honers with your sword, you shall but be her mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I ask you mercy Sir, you have tane my edge off: yet I would fane be even with this Lady.

El. lo. In which Ile be your helper: We are two, and they are two two sisters, rich alike, only the elder hath the prouder Dowry: In troth I pitty this disgrace in you, yet of mine own I am senseless: do but follow my counsel, and I le pawn my spirit, we'l over-reach

'em yet, the means is this. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman will needs speak with you, I cannot keep her out, she's entred sir.

El.lo. It is the waiting woman, pray be not seen: Sirrah hold her in discourse a while: harke in your ear, go and dispatch it quickly, when I come in, Ile tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have. *Exit Welford.*

El.lo. Away, tis done, she must not see you: now Lady *Gwinivver*. what news with you? *Enter Abigal,*

Ab. Pray leave these frumps sir, and receive this letter.

El. Lo. From whom good vannity?

Ab. Tis from my Lady Sir: Alas good soul, she cries and takes on.

El. lo. Does she so good soul? would she not have a Cawdle? doe's she send you with your fine Oratorie goodie *Tully* to tie me to belief again? Bring out the Cat hounds, Ile make you take a tree whore, then with my Tiller bring down your *Gibship*, and then have you cas'd, and hung up i'th Warren.

Ab. I am no beast sir, would you knew it.

El. lo. Wo'd I did, for I am yet very doubtful: What will you say now? *Ab.* Nothing not I.

El. lo. Art thou a woman and say nothing?

Ab. Unless you'l hear me with more moderation: I can speak wise enough.

El. lo. And loud enough? will your Lady love me?

Ab. It seems by her Letter and her lamentations; but you are such another man

El. lo. Not such another as I was, Mumps, nor will not be: Ile read her fine Epistle: Ha, ha, ha, is not thy Mistress mad?

Ab. For you she will be, 'tis a shame you should use a poor Gentlewoman so untowardly; she loves the ground you tread on; and you (hard heart) because she jested with you, mean to kill her; tis a fine conquest as they say.

El. lo. Has thou so much moisture in thy whitleather hide yet, that thou canst cry? I would have sworn thou hadst been Touchwood five years since; Nay, let it rain, thy face chops for a shower like a drie Dunghill.

Ab. Ile not indure this Ribauldrie, farewel i'th devils name: If my Lady die, Ile be sworn before a Jury thou art the cause on't.

El.lo. Do Maukin do, deliver to your Lady from me this, I mean to see her, if I have no other business: which before Ile want to

come

come to her, I mean to seek birds nests: yet I may come too: but if I come, from this door till I see her, will I think how to rail vilely at her, how to vex her, and make her cry so much, that the Physician, if she fall sick upon't, shall want urine to find the cause by: and she remedilesse die in her heresie: Farewel old Adage, I hope to see the boyes make pot-guns on thee.

Ab. Th'art a vile man, God bless my issue from thee

El. lo. Thou hast but one, that's in thy left crupper, that makes thee hobble so, you must be ground i'th breech like a top you'l nere spin well else: Farewell Fycock. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady alone.

La. Is it not strange that every Womans will should track out new waies to disturb her self? If I should call my reason to account, it cannot answer why I keep my self from mine own wish; and stop the man I love from his, and every hour repent again, yet still go on: I know 'tis like a man that wants his naturall sleep, and growing dull would gladly give the remnant of his life for two hours, rest, yet though his forwardness, will rather chuse to watch another man drowse as he, then take his own repose: All this I know: yet a strange peevishness and anger, not to have the power to do things unexpected, carries me away to mine own ruin: I had rather die sometimes, then not disgrace in publick him whom people think I love, and do't with oaths, and am in earnest then. O what are we! Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such things as we command. How now, what news? *Enter Abigal,*

Ab. Faith Madam, none worth hearing. *La.* Is he not come?

Ab. No truly *La.* Nor has he writ?

Ab. Neither. I pray God you have not undone your self.

La. Why, but what saies he?

Ab. Faith he talks strangely *La.* How strangely?

Ab. First at your Letter he laught extreamly.

La. What in contempt?

Ab. He laught monstrous loud, as he would die; and when you wrot it, I think you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way: and having done, he cryed alas for her, and violently laught again. *La.* Did he? *Ab.* Yes, till I was angry?

La. Angry, why? why wert thou angry? he does but well, I did deserve it, he had been a fool, an unfit man for any one to love, had he not laught thus at me: You were angry, that shew'd your folly; I shall love him more for that, then all that ere he did before; but said he nothing else?

Ab. Many uncertain things he ſaid: though you had mockt him, becauſe you were a woman, he could wiſh to do you ſo much favour as to ſee you: yet he ſaid, he knew you raſh, and was loath to offend you with the ſight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave. *La.* What one was that?

Ab. I know not but truly I do fear there is a making up there: for I heard the ſervants, as I paſt by ſome, whiſper ſuch a thing: and as I came back through the Hall, there were two or three Clarkes writing great Conveyances in haſt, which they ſaid were for their Miſtreſs Jointer.

Ab. Tis very like and fit it ſhould be ſo, for he does think, and reaſonable think, that I ſhould keep him with my idle trickes for ever ere he be married.

Ab. At laſt he ſaid, it ſhould go hard, but he would ſee you for your ſatisfaction,

La. All we that are call'd women know as well as men, it were a far more noble thing to grace where we are grac't, and give reſpect there where we are reſpected: yet we practice a wilder courſe, and never bend our eyes on men with pleaſure, till they finde the way to give us a neglect: then we, too late, perceive the loſs of what we might have had, and dote till death. *Exit Martha.*

Mar. Siſter, yonders your ſervant with a gentlewoman with him.

La. Where? *Mar.* Cloſe at the door.

La. Ah! Alas I am undone, I fear he is bettoth'd.
What kind of woman is ſhe?

Mar. A moſt ill favoured one, with her Maſque on:
And how her face ſhould mend the reſt, I know not.

La. But yet her mind was of a milder ſtuff then mine was.

Enter Eld Loveleſs, and Welford in womans apparell

La. Now I ſee him if my heart ſwell not again (away thou Womans pride) ſo that I cannot ſpeak a gentle word to him, let me not (live

El. lo. By your leave here.

La. How now, what new tricks invites you hither?
Ha' you a fine device again?

El. lo. Faith this is the fineſt device I have now:
How doſt thou ſweet heart?

Wel. Why very well, ſo long as I may pleaſe
You my dear lover, I nor can, nor will,
Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill

El. lo. O thy ſweet temper: What would I have given that Lady had been like thee: ſeeſt thou her? that face (my love) joyn'd with

thy humble mind, had made a wench indeed.

Wel. Alas my love, what God hath done. I dare not think to mend I uſe no paint, not any drugs of art, my hands and face will ſhew it.

La. Why what thing have you brought to ſhew us there? do you take money for it?

El. lo. A thing not to be bought for money: 'tis my Miſtreſs, in whom there is no paſſion, nor no ſcorn: what I will is her law: pray you ſalute her.

La. Salute her? by this good light I would not kiſs her for half my wealth. *El. lo.* Why? Why pray you?
You ſhall ſee me do't afore you; look you.

La. Now fie upon thee, a beaſt would not have don't, I would not kiſs thee of a month, to gain a kingdome.

El. lo. Marry you ſhall not be troubled.

La. Why was there ever ſuch a *Meg* as this?
Sure thou art mad.

La. I I was mad once when I lov'd pictures; for what are ſhape and colour elſe but pictures? in that twany Hide there lies and endleſs maſſe of vertues, when all your red and white ones want it.

La. And this is ſhe you are to marry, is't not?

El. lo. Yes indeed is't.

La. God give you joy *El. Lo.* Amen.

Wel. I thank you, though unknown, for your good wiſh:
The like to you when ever you ſhall wed.

El. lo. O gentle ſpirit. *La.* You thank me? I pray
Keep your breath nearer you, I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all.
Much leſs a Lady of your worthy parts *El. lo.* Sweet, ſweet.

La. I do not think this woman can by nature be thus,
Thus ugly; ſure ſhe's ſome common Strumper.
Deform'd with excerciſe of ſin.

Wel. O ſir, believe not this, for heaven to comfort me, as I am free from foul pollution with any man; my honour tane away I am no woman.

El. lo. Ariſe my deareſt ſoul, I do not credit it. Alas, I fear her tender heart will break with this reproach: fie, that you know no more civillity to a weak virgin. 'Tis no matter ſweet, let her ſay what ſhe will, thou art not worſe to me, and therefore not at all: be tareleſs.

Wel. For all things elſe I would, but for mine honour, Me thinks.

El. lo. Alas, thine honour is not ſtain'd;

Is this the buſineſs that you ſent for me about?

Mar. Faith ſiſter, you are much too blame, to uſe a Woman, whatſoere ſhe be, thus; Ile ſalute her: You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

El.lo. Milde yet as the Dove, for all theſe injuries. Come, ſhall we go, I love thee not ſo ill as to keep thee here a jeſting ſtock. Adieu to the worlds end. *La.* Why, whether now?

El.lo. Nay, you ſhall never know, becauſe you ſhall never find me.

La. I pray let me ſpeak with you *El. Lo.* Tis very well: come.

La. I pray let me ſpeak with you. *El.lo.* Yes for another mock.

La. By heaven I have no mock: good ſir, a word.

El.lo. Though you deſerve not ſo much at my hands, yet if you be in ſuch earneſt, Ile ſpeak a word with you; but I beſeech you be brief: for in good faith there's a Parſon and a Licence ſtay for us i'th Church all this while, and you know 'tis night.

La. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatſoever I have heretofore ſpoken jeſtingly, forget: for as I hope for mercy any where, what I ſhall utter now, is from my heart, and as I mean.

El. lo. Well, well, what do you mean?

La. Was not I once your Miſtreſs, and you my Servant?

El. lo. O 'tis about the old matter.

La. Nay, good ſir ſtay me out; I would but hear you excuſe your ſelf, why you ſhould take this woman and leave me.

El. lo. Prethee why not, deſerves ſhe not as much as you?

La. I think not, if you will look with an indifferency upon us both

El.lo. Upon your faces, 'tis true, but if judicially we ſhall caſt our eyes upon your mindes, you are a thouſand women of her in worth, ſhe cannot ſwound in jeſt, nor ſet her lovers tasks, to ſhew her peeviſhneſs, and his affection, nor croſs what he ſaies, though it be Canonical. She's a good plain wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me luſty Boyes to throw the ſledge & lift at pigs of lead: and for a Wife, ſhe's far beyond you: what can you do in a houſehold to provide for your iſſue, but lie a bed and get um? your buſineſs is to dreſs you and at idle hours to eat, when ſhe can do a thouſan profitable things: ſhe can do pretty well in the paſtry and knows how pullen ſhould be cram'd, ſhe cuts Cambrick at a threed, weaves bone-lace, and quilts balls admirably. And what are you good for?

La. Admit it true, that ſhe were far beyond me in all reſpects, does that give you a licence to forſwear your ſelf?

El.lo. Forſwear my ſelf, How?

La. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oaths you have

uttered,

uttered, in disclaming all for wives but me.

El. lo. Nay, but conceive me; the intent of oathes is ever understood. Admit I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodging to morrow: Divines would never hold me perjur'd, if I were struck blind, or he hid him where my deligent search could not find him: so there were no cross act of mine own in't. Can it be imagined I meant to force you to marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

La. Alas you need not, I make already tender of my self, and then you are forsworn.

El. Lo. Some sin I see indeed must necessarily fall upon me, as whosoever deals with women, shall never utterly avoid it: yet I would chuse the least ill: which is, to forsake you, that have done me all the abuses of a malignant women; contemn'd my service, and would have held me prating about marriage, till I had been past getting of children, then her that hath forsaken her family, and put her tender body in my hand, upon my word.

La. Which of us swore you first to? *El. lo.* Why to you.

La. Which oath is to be kept then?

El. lo. I prethee do not urge my sins unto me,
Without I could amend um: *La.* Why, you may, by wedding me.

El. Lo. How will that satisfie my word to her?

La. Tis not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction.
'Tis an errour fit for repentance only.

El. lo. Shall I live to wrong that tender hearted virgin so?
It may be not. *La.* Why may it not be?

El. lo. I swear I had rather marry thee then her: but yet mine honesty?

La. What honesty? 'Tis more preserv'd this way.
Come by this light servant thou shalt, Ile kils thee on't.

El. lo. This kiss indeed is sweet, pray God no sin lie under it.

La. There's no sin at all try but another.

Wel. O my heart.

Mar. Help Sister, this Lady swounes.

El. lo. How do you? *Wel.* Why very well, if you be so, a most ungodly thing. *El. lo.* Hear me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter; I did make an oath, when you delaid me so, that this very night I would be married: Now if you will go without delay suddenly, as late as it is, with your own Minister to your own Chappel. Ile wed you, and to bed.

La. A match dear servant,

El. lo. For if you should forsake me now, I care not, she would not though for all her injuries, such is her spirit, if I bo not ashamed to kiss her now I part, may I not live.

Wel. I see you go, as slily as you think to steal away, yet I will pray for you; All blessings of the world light on you two, that you may live to be an aged pair. All curses on me, if I do not speak what I do wish indeed.

El. lo. If I can speak to purpose to her, I am a villain.

La. Servant away.

Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant man? Think you he will not cast you off to morrow; to wrong a Lady thus, look't she like dirt, 'twas basely done. May you nere prosper with him.

Wel. Now God forbid. Alas I was unworthy, so I told him.

Mar. That was your modesty too good for him:
I would not see your Wedding for a world.

La. Chuse, chuse, come *Younglove*.. *Ex. La. El. lo.*

Mar. Dry up your eyes forsooth,, you shall not think we are all uncivill. Would I knew how to give you a revenge.

Wel. So would not I: no let me suffer truly, that I desire.

Mar. Pray walk in with me, 'tis very late, and you shall stay all night: your bed shall be no worse then mine; I wish I could but do you right. *Wel.* My humble thanks:
God grant I may but live to quit your love. *Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveless and Savill.

Yo. lo. Did your Master send for me *Savill*?

Sav. Yes, he did send for your Worship Sir.

Yo. lo. Do you know the business?

Sav. Alas sir, I know nothing, nor am imploi'd beyond my hours of eating. My dancing daies are done sir.

Yo. lo. What art thou now then?

Sav. If you consider me in little, I am with your Worships reverence Sir, a Rascal; one that upon the next anger of your brother, must raise a sconce by the high way, and sell switches: My Wife is now a learning to weave Incle.

Yo. lo. What does thou mean to do with thy children *Savill*?

Sa. My eldest Boy is half a Rogue already, he was born bursten, and your worship knowes, that's a pretty step to mens compassions: My youngest Boy I purpose Sir to binde for ten years to a Jaylor, to draw under him, that he may shew us mercy in his function.

Yo lo. Your family is quartred with discretion; you are resolved to Cant then: Where *Savill* shall your Scene lie?

Sa. Beggers must be no chooſers;
In every place (I take it) but the ſtocks.

Yo. lo. This is your drinking and your whoring, *Savil*;
I told you of it, but your heart was hardned.

Sav. Tis true, you were the firſt that told me of it indeed; I do remember yet in teares; you told me you would have whores, and in that paſſion ſir, you broke out thus; Thou miſerable man, repent, and brew three ſtrikes more in a hogſhead; Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time can tarry for no man.

Yo. lo. Y'are grown a better Gentleman. I ſee miſery can clear your head better then muſtard. Ile be a *Sutor* for your Keyes again Sir.

Sav. Will you but be ſo gracious to me ſir, I ſhall be bound.

Yo. lo. You ſhall Sir, to your Bunch again, or I miſs fouly.

Enter Morecraft.

More. Save you Gentlemen, ſave you.

Yo. lo. Now Polcat, what young Rabbets neſt have you to draw?

More. Come prethee be familier Knight.

Yo. lo. Away Fox, Ile ſend for Terriers for you.

More. Thou art wild yet: *I*le keep the company.

Yo. lo. I am about ſome buſineſs; Indenturs,
*I*f you follow me Ile beat you; take heed,
As *I* live *I*le cancel your Coxcomb.

More. Thou art cozen'd now, *I* am no Uſurer.
What poor fellow's this? *Sav.* *I* am poor indeed ſir.

More. give him money Knight.

Yo. lo. Do you begin the offering.

More. There poor fellow, here's an angel for thee.

Yo. lo. Art thou in earneſt *Morecraft*?

More. Yes faith Knight, *I*le follow thy example: thou hadſt land, and thouſands, thou ſpentſt and flungſt away, and yet it flowes in double: *I* purchas'd, wrung and wier-draw'd for my wealth, loſt and was cozen'd: for which *I* make a vow, to try all the waies above ground, but *I*le finde a conſtant meanes to riches without curſes.

Yo. lo. *I* am glad of your converſion Mr. *Morecraft*.
Y'are in a fair courſe, pray perſue it ſtill.

Mo. Come, we are all Gallants now, *I*le keep thee company: here honeſt fellow, for this gentlemans ſake, ther's 2 angels more for thee

Sav. Heaven quite you Sir, and keep you long in this mind.

Yo. lo. Wilt thou perſevere?

More. Till *I* have a peny, *I* have brave clothes a making, and two horſes, canſt thou help me to a match Knight? *I*le lay a thou-

thousand pound upon my Crop-ear.

Yo Lo. Foot, this is stranger then an *Affrick* monster;
There will be no more talk of wars
Whilst this lasts; come, Ile put thee into blood.

Sav. Would all this damn'd Tribe were as tende hearted, I beseech you let this Gentleman joyn with you in the recovery of my keyes; I like his good beginning sir, the whilst Ile pray for both your Worships. *Yo. lo.* He shall sir.

More. Shall we go noble Knight? I would fain be acquainted.

Yo. lo. Ile be your servant Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eld. Loveless and Lady.

El. lo. Faith my sweet Lady, I have caught you now, maugre your subtilties and fine devices; be coy again now.

La. Prethee sweet heart tell true

El. lo. By this light, by all the pleasures I have had this night, by your lost maidenhead, you are cozen'd meerly, I have cast beyond your wit. That Gentle man is your retainer *Welford.*

La. It cannot be so.

El. lo. Your Sister has found it so, or I mistake, marke how she blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not travel, now, ha, ha, ha. *La.* Prethee sweet heart, be quiet, thou hast angred me at heart. *El. lo.* Ile please you soon again. *La. Welford.*

El. lo. I *Welford*, hee's a young handsome fellow, well bred and landed: your Sister can instruct you in his good parts, better than I by this time. *La.* Uds foot, am I fetch't over thus?

El. lo. Yes faith. And over shall be fetcht again, never fear it.

La. I must be patient, though it torture me:
You have got the Sun Sir.

El. lo. And the Moon too, in which Ile be the man.

La. But had I known this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should have hunted three traines more before you had come to'th course; you should have hankt it o'th bridle Sir, I faith.

El. lo. I knew it, and min'd with you; and so blew you up.
Now you may see the Gentlewoman: stand close.

Enter Welford and Martha.

Mar. For Gods sake sir, be private in this business.
You have undone me else. O heaven what have *I* done

Wel. No harme *I* warrant thee.

Mar. How shall *I* look upon my friend again, with what face?

Wel. Why e'ne with this: 'tis a good one, thou canst not finde a better: look upon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall finde

finde um ſmooth ſtill, fair ſtill, ſweet ſtill, and to your thinking honeſt; thoſe have done as much as you have yet, or dare do Miſtriſs, and yet they keep no ſtirre.

Mar. Good Sir go in, and put your womas cloathes on: If you be ſeen thus I am loſt for ever.

Wel. Ile watch you for that Miſtreſs: I am no fool; here will I tarry till the houſe be up, and witneſs with me.

Mar. Good dear friend go in.

Wel. To bed again if you pleaſe, elſe I am fixt here till there be notice taken who I am, and what I have done: If you could juggle me into my womanhood again, and ſo cog me out of your companie, all this would be forſworn, and I again an Aſinego, as your ſiſter left me. No, Ile have it known and publiſht; then if you'l be a whore forſake me and be aſhamed, and when you can hold out no longer, marry ſome caſt *Cleve Captain*, and ſell Bottle-Ale

Mar. I dare not ſtay Sir, uſe me modeſtly, *I* am your wife.

Wel. Go in Ile make up all.

El.lo. Ile be a witneſs of your naked truth ſir: this is the Gentlewoman, prethee look upon him, this is he that made me bake my faith, ſweet: but thank your ſiſter, ſhe hath ſodered it.

La. What a dull Aſs was I, I could not ſee this *Welford* from a wench: twenty to one if I had been tender like my ſiſter, he had ſerved me ſuch a ſlippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El. lo. I would have watcht you ſir, by your good patience, for Ferriting in my ground.

La. You have been with my ſiſter.

Wel. Yes to bring.

El. lo An heir into the world he meanes.

La. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on't: I have been chaft this three hours that's the leaſt, *I* am reaſonable cool now.

La. Cannot you fare well, but you muſt crie Roaſt-meat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not bleſs the Founders; is either ſurfeited, or ill taught. Lady, for my own part, I have found ſo ſweet a Diet, I can commend it, though I cannot ſpare it.

El. lo. How like you this diſh *Welford.* I made a ſupper on't, and fed ſo heartily, I could not ſleep.

La. By this light, had I but ſented out your train, ye had ſlept with a bare pillow in your armes, and kiſs that, or elſe the bed-poſt for any wife you had got this twelve-month yet: I would have vex

you more then a tyr'd Post-horse, and been longer bearing, then ever after-game at *Irish* was. Lord that I were unmarried again.

El. lo. Lady, I would not undertake yee, were you again a Haggard, for the best cast of Ladies i'th kingdome: you were ever tickle-footed, and would not trusse round.

Wel. Is she fast? *El. lo.* She was all night lockt here boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her without fear of losing: take off her Cranes: you have a delicate Gentlewoman to you Sister. Lord what a pretty furie she was in, when she perceiv'd I was a man: but I think I satisfied her scruple, without the Parson o'th Town.

El. lo. What did yee?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what you did?

El. lo. She has a shrewd guesse at it I see it by her.

La. Well you may mock us; but my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambree* had I but seen into you, you should have had another bedfellow fitter a great deal for your itch.

Wel. I thank you Lady, methought it was well,
You are so curious.

Enter Young Loveless, his Lady, Morecraft, Savill, and two Serving-men.

E lo. Get on your Doublet, here comes my brother.

Yo. lo. Good morrow brother, and all good to your Lady.

More. God save you, and good morrow to you all.

El. lo. Good morrow. Here's a poor brother of yours.

La. Fie, how this shames me.

More. Prethee good fellow help me to a cup of Beer.

Ser. I will Sir.

Yo. lo. Brother, what make you here? Will this Lady do? Will she? is she not nettled still? *El. lo.* No, I have cur'd her. Mr. *Welford*, pray know this Gentleman, he is my brother.

Wel. Sir, I shall long to love him.

Yo. lo. I shall not be your debtor sir. But how is't with you?

El. lo. As well as may be man, I am married: your new acquaintance hath her sister, and all's well.

Yo. lo. I am glad on't. Now my pretty Lady Sister. How do you find my brother?

La. Almost as wild as you are.

Yo. lo. He'l make the better Husband: you have tried him?

La. Against my will sir.

Yo. lo. He'l make you well amends soon, do not doubt it; But Sir, I must intreat you to be better known.

To

To this converted *Iew* here.

Ser. Here's Beer for you ſir.

More. And here's for you an Angel.

Pray buy no land, 'twill never proſper Sir. *El. lo.* How's this?

Yo. lo. Bleſs you, and then Ile tell you: he's turned Gallant.

El. lo. Gallant?

Yo. lo. I Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft*,

The reaſon Ile informe you at more leaſure.

Wel. O good Sir, let me know him preſently.

Yo. lo. You ſhall hug one another.

More. Sir, I muſt keep you company *El. lo.* And reaſon.

Yo. lo. *Cutting Morecraft* faces about, I muſt preſent another.

More. As many as you will Sir, I am for um.

Wel. Sir, I ſhall do you ſervice.

More. I ſhall look for't in good faith Sir.

El. lo. Prethee ſweet heart kiſs him.

La. Who's that fellow?

Sav. Sir, will it pleaſe you to remember me: my keys good ſir.

Yo. lo. Ile do it preſently.

El. lo. Come, thou ſhalt kiſs him for our ſport ſake.

La. Let him come on then; and do you hear, do not inſtruct me in tricks, for you may repent it.

El. lo. That at my peril. Luſty Mr. *Morecraft*,

Here is a Lady would ſalute you.

More. She ſhall not loſe her longing ſir: What is ſhe?

El. lo. My Wife ſir. *More.* She muſt be then my Miſtreſs.

La. Muſt I ſir? *El. lo.* O Yes, you muſt.

More. And you muſt weare this Ring, a poor pawn

Of ſome fifty pound.

El. lo. Take it by any means, 'tis a lawful prize.

La. Sir, I ſhall call you ſervant.

More. I ſhall be proud on't. What fellowes that?

Yo. lo. My Ladies Coachman.

More. there's ſomething (my friend) for you to buy whips,

And for you Sir, and you Sir.

El. lo. Under a miracle this is the ſtrangeſt I ever heard of.

More. What, ſhall we play, or drink? What ſhall we do?

Who will hunt with me for an hundred pounds?

Well. Stranger and ſtranger!

Sir, you ſhall find ſport after a day or two.

Yo. lo. Sir, I have a ſuit unto you.

Concerning

Concerning your old servant *Savill*.

El. lo. O, for his Keyes. I know it. *Sav.* Now Sir, strike in

More. Sir, I must have you grant me.

El. lo. Tis done Sir, take your keyes again:
But hark you *Savill*, leave off the motions
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again:
Ile try you once again.

Sav. If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,
Take off the biggest Key i'th bunch, and open
My head with it sir: I humbly thank your Worship.

El. lo. Nay then I see we must keep holiday. *Enter Roger and Abigal.*
Here's the last couple in Hell.

Ro. Joy be among you all.

La. Why how now sir, what is the meaning of this Emblem?

Ro. Marriage an't like your Worship.

La. Are you married?

Ro. As fast as the next Priest could do it, Madam.

El. lo. I think the sign's in *Gemini*, here's such coupling.

Wel. Sir, *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your sweet-heart to night?

Ro. Not the best Benefice in your worships gift Sir.

Wel. A who son, how he swels.

Yo. lo. How many times to night, Sir *Roger*?

Ro. Sir, you grow scurrilous:
When I shall do, *I* shall do; I shall not need your help.

Yo. Lo. For Horse flesh *Roger*.

El. lo, Come, prethee be not angry, 'tis a day
Given wholly to our mirth.

La. It shall be so Sir; Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We shall intreat to be at our charge.

El. lo. Welford get you to the Church: by this light
You shall not lie with her again, till y'are married.

Wel. I am gone.

More. To every Bride I dedicate this day;
Six healths a peece, and it shall go hard,
But every one a jewel: Come, be mad boyes.

El. lo. Th'art in a good beginning: Come, who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you shall have the *Van*, and lead the way,
Would every dogged Wench had such a day.

FINIS.

$A^{4}B^{4}C^{4}D^{4}E^{4}F^{4}G^{4}H^{4}$

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